



WEEKLY REPUBLICAN—1897
ALL-PUBLIC LEDGER—1893

MAYSVILLE, KENTUCKY, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1914.

ONE COPY—ONE CENT.



Of course we want an eight-hour day.
We think it is our right.
And yet you never see a jay
Who wants an eight-hour night.

Addie Boyd, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andy Boyd, of Limestone street, is recovering from a sick spell.

INVESTMENTS
Good First Mortgage Land Notes
Yielding 6 and 7 Per Cent.
FRANK H. CLARKE
First National Bank Building.

POLICE COURT.

A quartet of plain drunks faced his honor yesterday afternoon. They were A. C. Case, Ham Combess, T. H. Murray, and J. H. Murray. Each paid his fine, \$6.50, and went his way.

SNOW NO. 22.

There was another most beautiful snowfall this morning, making the 22nd of the winter season. However, it melted almost as soon as it fell, the sun coming out between clouds.

LET UNCLE SAM
GIVE YOU THE FACTS

Government reports show the steady output of coal during the last few years has made the dealers push for wider markets. We are going to get more value for your money. You will never get out of debt unless you buy wisely.

MAYSVILLE COAL CO.

PHONE 112.

The enterprising little city of Peebles, Ohio, is preparing to install electric lights.

Give Your
Horses a
Hair Cut

before putting them at the spring work.
Every horse is better for a good clipping. It not only improves the appearance, but clipped horses rest better, do better work and get more good from their feed.

Clip with the famous

Stewart Ball Bearing
Clipping Machine

Turns easiest—clips fast—lasts long. Fully \$7.50
guaranteed and costs only



FOR SALE BY

MIKEBROWN

THE
SQUARE DEAL
MAN.

Mr. Wiley Bradford of New York is visiting his uncle, Mr. William Bradford, near Maysville, and his cousin, Mrs. R. L. Simons, of Forest avenue.

Mrs. B. W. Blackwell and children have returned home after a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Sewell at Winchester, Ky., and to the family of Mr. Frank Willeott at Lexington.

DR. EMERY WHITAKER'S
FUNERAL.

The burial of Dr. Emery Whitaker, of Cincinnati, will take place this afternoon at 1:30 o'clock. The body will be taken from the train to the cemetery.

Miss Mayme Whitaker, daughter of Judge and Mrs. John L. Whitaker, and niece of deceased, went down to Cincinnati yesterday to accompany the remains here.

Dr. Whitaker is survived by his second wife, who was a daughter of the late Hon. Chilton White, of Georgetown, Ohio.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and state aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

SWORN to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1896.
(SEAL) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

SWEET MELON MANGOES
Very fine ONION and CUCUMBER PICKLES. These are both BETTER and CHEAPER than you can make them. Call on us for a far today.
Phone 43.
GRISSEL & CONRAD

Dressed Pine Lumber \$2 Per Hundred

We now have it. We are positive it will not be sold at this price again during this year. Come and get it while it lasts. This lumber can be used for outbuildings, cheap barn siding or most any purpose except fine finishing work. Buy it now. You will need it before you can get it again at this price.

The Mason Lumber Co. Inc.
Cor. Second and Limestone Sts. Phone 519. MAYSVILLE, KY.
A. A. McLAUGHLIN. L. N. BEHAN.

WALLPAPER!

First and best lots of Remnants of Wallpaper
now on sale. Prices 35c per lot up.
Priced to make room

J. T. KACKLEY & CO.

For Sale—First-Class Gasoline Engine and Dynamo.

There are murmurings of a church trial in one of our rural churches. The charges are that at a recent church election the ballot box was stuffed. Further the deponent sayeth not.

NEW SUITS IN CIRCUIT COURT.

Anna Eliza Haley filed suit in Mason Circuit Court for divorce and alimony from Lanson Haley.

Nannie Wells Storer and C. B. Storer vs. W. E. Wells, et als., is the title of a suit filed in Circuit Court to enable them to settle the estate of Mrs. Laura J. Wells.

SPILLED HIS COAL.

John Clinger, from the Dexter neighborhood, had the misfortune to break an axle on his wagon. He had on a heavy load of coal and when he crossed the street railway switch in front of the opera house, one of the rear wheels caught in the rail. It was pulled off and the axle came to the street with a crash. It was some little time before he could get his wagon off the car tracks. The firm of Murray & Thomas lent a helping hand.

MR. H. SAFRANOK REPRESENTING
THE ISAAC HAMBURGER
& SONS.

Merchants Tailors of Baltimore, Md., will have his full line of Spring samples on display at Galanty & Alper, 128 Market street, beginning today and Monday and Tuesday.

Now is your chance to get your Spring Suit made right up to date and at the right price. Call and look them over.

GALANTY & ALPER,
128 Market street.

COUNTY COURT.

In County court yesterday William F. Sims was appointed guardian of Ethel Sims, a minor, and Mark and Orvil Sims, infants, with Jacob T. Sims surety.

The Equitable Trust Company of Dover was appointed administrator de bonis non of George Dobyns, deceased, and qualified as such with its capital stock as surety.

It appears from the records of the court that there is due Henry R. Childs as assessor of Mason County the sum of \$314.00, that sum being the twenty per cent released by the State from the amount due him on the assessment of September 1, 1912, and for 1913, and further appearing that the Sheriff of Mason County has received his quitus from the State Auditor for the State taxes of 1913, it is now ordered that the said amount of \$314.00 less \$4.00 for duplicate assessments, and \$4.00 fee on same be deducted, and the sum is hereby allowed and the same certified to the State Auditor for payment.

316,020 POUNDS

Of Tobacco Sold Yesterday
on the Maysville Loose
Leaf Market

The Maysville market was lively yesterday and the seven houses all had sales as follows:

Independent House.
Pounds sold 18,550
Highest price \$18.75
Lowest price 1.90
Market good.

Amazon House.
Pounds sold 58,835
Highest price \$18.75
Lowest price 1.90
Market good, offerings poor.

Farmers & Planters.
Total sales 14,365
Highest price \$17.00
Lowest price 2.00

Central House.
Total sales 98,210
Highest price \$19.75
Lowest price 2.50

Growers House.
Total sales 26,640
Highest price \$17.00
Lowest price 1.00
Market spirited.

Home Warehouse.
Total sales 99,420
Highest price \$20.00
Lowest price 2.10
Market strong.

Special crops—
W. S. Osborne, Mason County, 6,185 pounds, average \$14.57.
C. L. Osborne, Mason County, 6,930 pounds, average \$14.52.
Mike Walton, Mason County, 4,700 pounds, average \$14.24.

FLORIDA CROP INJURED.

Jacksonville, Fla.—Reports from South Florida indicate that the vegetable crop was injured from 50 to 75 per cent, by the recent frosts.

MEMPHIS BANK WRECKERS
INDICTED.

Sixteen indictments were returned against C. Hunter Raine, former president of the Mercantile Bank of Memphis, four against Claude Anderson, cashier, and one jointly against the two in connection with the shortage of \$1,091,000 in the accounts of the institution.

MISS SUDIE SHEPARD SOLICITS
MILLINERY WORK.

I will be at home this spring and will be pleased to do all styles of the latest in millinery work at very reasonable prices. You are invited to call at my home or phone 505.

MISS SUDIE SHEPARD,
631
Maysville, Ky.

An Insistent Need.

Children's Underwear gets such hard use it is almost impossible to keep the little petticoats and drawers amply supplied. But there is no need for busy mother to worry with sewing when they can get such well built sturdy little garments here, at prices so low one is tempted to buy them by the dozen.

PETTICOATS 25c, 50c.

DRAWERS 10c, 15c, 19c, 25c.

The New Warner Corsets

Your spring suit will have more style and better lines if worn over the 1914 Warner Model. Graceful and comfortable. Perfect models for slender, stout and medium figures.

\$1 to \$3.50.

We've Been Showing SPRING SKIRTS

for a month and judging from our sales the styles are all the most critical demand. Tunic effects, two-tier skirts and many new touches. There is more style and quality in these skirts than seem possible at prices so small,

\$5, \$6.50, \$7.50.

1852

HUNT'S

1914

The New Central Hotel is indeed new. Every room is newly furnished. Hand-some beds, and dressers. Each room has a bath and toilet room attached. The tired traveler finds every convenience for his use. New archways have been cut through the halls and the spacious corridors are all that could be desired. The guest will always find a welcome.

NO FLOOD SAYS WEATHER SHARP.

Washington.—That the United States Weather Bureau sees no reason for any repetition of the great floods of a year ago in the valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi is the belief of Dr. Charles F. Marvin, director of the bureau.

REVIVAL AT ABERDEEN M. E. CHURCH.

Is still in progress at the Aberdeen M. E. Church and is growing in enthusiasm, and many are turning to their Savior. Up to Wednesday there were 15 additions. Services will continue throughout the week.

AWARDED CONTRACT FOR 3,000 BARRELS OF FLOUR.

Paducah.—The Paducah Milling Co. was awarded the contract to furnish the penitentiary at Eddyville with flour the coming year. The contract is for 3,000 barrels at \$5 a barrel.

New Wash Goods!

CREPE RATINE One of the most popular weaves for Spring. Soft and drapes prettily. All new colors. 25c Yd.	FRENCH NUB RATINES. For one piece Dresses it has no equal. 50c.	MANCHESTER GALATEA CLOTHS. The famous "Hygrade", the kind that don't fade. 15c
COSTUME AND BUTTERFLY CREPES. Rich floral effects. They are beautiful. 25c Yd.	NEW PERCALES. 100 patterns, light and dark. 36 inches wide. 12½c Yd.	WINDSOR PLISSE. For Kimonos. 19c.
SPLASH CREPES. One of the most exquisite washable materials shown for Spring. 25c Yd.	GINGHAMS. Over 150 styles, the best values for the money. 10c, 12½c, 15c.	VOILES, CREPE DE CHINES, and other Novelties. 19c to 49c.

OUR
REPUTATION
Goes with
EVERY PACKAGE

Mertz Bros
MAYSVILLE-KY.

The STORE
that LEADS
and
SUCCEEDS



SYNOPSIS.

Francois Beaupre, a peasant babe of three years, after an amusing incident in which Marshal Napoleon figures, is made a Chevalier of France by the Emperor Napoleon, who prophesied that the boy might one day be a marshal of France under another Bonaparte. At the age of ten Francois visits General Baron Gaspard Gourgand, who with Alix, his seven-year-old daughter, lives at the Chateau. A soldier of the Empire under Napoleon he fires the boy's imagination with stories of his campaigns. The general offers Francois a home at the Chateau. The boy refuses to leave his parents, but in the end becomes a copist for the general and learns of the friendship between the general and Marquis Zappi, who campaigned with the general under Napoleon. Marquis Zappi and his son, Pietro, arrive at the Chateau. The general agrees to care for the Marquis's son while the former goes to America. The Marquis before leaving, America, asks Francois to be a friend of his son. The boy solemnly promises. Francois goes to the Chateau. He, Marquis Zappi dies leaving Pietro as a ward of the general. Alix, Pietro and Francois meet a strange boy who proves to be Prince Louis Napoleon. Francois saves his life. The general discovers Francois loves Alix and extracts a promise from him that he will not interfere between the girl and Pietro. Francois goes to Italy as secretary to Pietro. Queen Hortense plans the escape of her son Louis Napoleon by disguising him and Marquis Zappi as her lackeys. Francois takes Marquis Zappi's place, who is ill, in the escape of Hortense and Louis. Dressed as Louis's brother Francois lures the Austrians from the hotel allowing the prince and his mother to escape. Pietro's old family servants, and through him sends word to his friends of his plight. The general, who is in perfect condition, so I believe it will be now. It was built with solidly—as one may believe, for if the old Zappis wanted it at all they wanted it in working order. "Your part will be difficult, Francois, but I believe you can do it. You will have to get the key of the wine-cellar, or else force the lock. Can you do that? It is necessary to do it, Francois, for we cannot get on without you, and we shall from now live only to set you free. I send you something which may be useful."

Francois dropped the letter and picked up the long loaf and tore it apart. There was a file in the center. As if a powerful tonic had been infused into him he felt strength and calmness pour through him. He read the letters over and over till he had them by heart; then he concealed them carefully, with the file, in his mattress. After that he sat down and concentrated his mind with the new force working in it, on his plan. The governor was almost certain to have him down to dinner again in two or three days; it was a pity that while he was there, all but on the spot, he could not possess himself of the key and escape. He thought over one or two plans on that basis, but they all shipwrecked on the fact that the guards were accustomed to take him back to his room at eleven, and that, falling notice from the governor, they would certainly come to find out why if they were not called. That would start the pursuit; he must have the

night clear. So he unwillingly let go of the great advantage of his own presence in the governor's room, so near the scene of action, and planned otherwise. With infinite forethought, with an eye to every contingency possible to imagine, he planned, and when the notice came, two days later, that the Count von Gersdorf wished him to dine with him that night, Francois's heart leaped madly but exultantly, for he was ready.

Never had the young Frenchman been more entertaining, more winning to his tyrant than tonight, but the excitement of what was before him made it almost out of the question to eat the count's dinner. As before, the count prescribed old wine as a tonic, and took Francois with him to get it. Tonight there were three bottles brought up—the count was preparing to drink hard. And Francois had some trouble in not drinking with him; but he kept up his end with singing and acting, with a dance or two out of the peasant repertoire of the Jura, with a mock drill of an awkward squad at

Saint-Cyr, with clever imitations of the few people whom he had seen about the castle, Battista's gruffness and mangled German words, and the sniffling mixed with grandiloquence of one of the guards; finally he grew daring and imitated the governor's superior officer who had visited the prison six months ago and had seen Francois among the others. Francois, with his body bent out, and a fat waddle, and an improvised eye-glass and a pursy short-breathed manner, spoke of the governor severely, puffing at him between sentences, reproving him, among other things, for having prisoners dine with him. And the governor roared with delight, for this man was his rival and it did his soul good to see him made ridiculous. He roared, and drank to the imitation, and the imitation rebuked his levity throatily, till the governor roared and drank again and shouted for more. And Francois, excited, exhilarated, did more; and still the governor drank as he acted. And the vaudeville went on. So that when the guard came at eleven the count was lying across the sofa, too tipsy to get to bed alone, and Francois had to wait, pretending to be heavy with wine himself, while the two soldiers put the governor to bed.

At last he was taken upstairs between them, leaning on them limply; at last his door clanged shut; he listened to the footsteps of the two dying away down the stone hall, down the staircase; then swiftly he drew out the file and the letters from his mattress; he hid the papers, wrapped tight in their oilskin cover, in his coat lining; he set to work with the file to finish iron bars already three-quarters filed through. That was done and with fingers that seemed to work as fast, as intelligently as his brain, he tore the bedclothes into stout strips and tied them together with square knots which would not slip, and tied knots in the line at intervals of a few feet which might keep a man's fingers from slipping. He had to guess how long the rope must be, but the bedclothes were all used and the rope was many yards—it must serve. He put the file, with two candle ends which he had saved, in his pocket; he made one end of the strip fast to an unweighted iron bar of his window; he weighted the other end, then he looked about a moment, half to see if all of his small resources had been remembered, half in a glance of farewell to a place where he had passed hours never to be forgotten.

With that he vaulted to the window-ledge and took the first knot in a firm grip and let himself out into the dark still night. His feet hung in the air, his hand slid fast—down that poor ladder of torn stuff; the die was cast; he was going to things unknown; he had taken a desperate chance and might not go back. And he slipped down, down from knot to knot. Suddenly he came to the last knot; he had fastened a bit of wood there so that he might know when he got to the end. What was this? It certainly was the last knot; the bit of wood scraped his hand as he held it; but his feet did not touch ground.

There he hung, swaying in blackness, not knowing how far he might be above the earth, not knowing what to do. Only a moment, for instantly he knew that in any case he could not go back, if he would, up that slight swinging rope; he must drop, whatever happened. He bent his knees ready for the fall and let go. With a shock he landed and rolled, bruised and out of breath, but not injured; he looked up in the dimness saw the last knot with its bit of wood swinging in air twelve feet or so from the ground.

But he had no time given him to consider this point, for at that second, at the far end of the closed yard, a door opened, a blaze of light poured out, and a squad of six soldiers stepped from the castle, torches in the hands of the foremost. Francois dropped, crouching in the shadows against the wall, but his heart grew sick as he realized the futility of this. The soldiers were coming straight toward him.

With that, a gleam on a brighter surface than the ground met his sight, below the level of the ground. His eyes, searching the darkness, made out a great butt of water, sunken by the castle wall. Instantly he slid into it, up to his neck. It was not quite full, and his head did not show in the shadows of the inside. The blaze of the torches swept close, brighter, as Francois, shivering in the cold water, glued himself to the dark side; the gigantic, across the water and the castle wall; he heard the soldiers speak in short deep words; it was like an evil dream, and it slipped past, torches and dark-swinging shadows and heavy tread of men and stern voices, like a dream. The heavy door shut, the lights were gone, everything was still.

More dead than alive, Francois dripped from the water-butt. The hardest part of his night's job, the part that needed all his strength of body and brain, was immediately before him, and he stood nerveless, with clicking teeth, as limp as the traditional drowned rat. A moment he stood so, utterly discouraged, without confidence, without hope. Then with his trembling lips he framed words, words familiar to him for years, and with that, in a shock, he felt strength and courage rising in him like a slow calm flood. It was not less a miracle because there was no sign in the heavens, no earthquake or lightning; it was not less a miracle because many people living now might tell of a like help in fearful need. As it was once a long time ago, the water of his blood was changed into wine. So the prisoner stood in the courtyard at the

blackness of midnight and found himself ready.

He groped his way to the shed he had seen from the governor's window; with his old boyish agility he scrambled up its sloping roof and felt for the coping he had noticed—the coping wide enough for a man's foot; he had found it; he had found a water pipe above to help him stand on it; he was on the coping, face flat to the wall, working his way with infinite delicate care to the window of the governor. He never knew how long that part took; it seemed a great while, though not many feet lay between the shed and the window. Then he felt the stone eill of the window; his hand crept up; it was open—wide open. With a strong pull he had swung himself over and stood in the dark, in the governor's bedroom.

Stood and listened, hardly daring for the first instant to draw the long breath he sorely needed. Then he smiled. No necessity for that caution at least. The governor was snoring a heavy aggressive snore which would have drowned most noises. Francois



He Cried It Out Loud, Reckless.

stood quiet till his eyes had grown accustomed to the shadows, and then they searched about quickly. Ah! there they were, the governor's clothes. On a chair by his bed. With wary steps he stole across. He lifted off one or two things and suddenly there was a jingle.

"Ah!" growled the governor and flung out his hand, and the snore came to a full stop. The hand searched the darkness a second; all but touched that of Francois, then fell limply, the head turned away, with a deep sigh. Like a statue Francois stood, frozen to the floor, and dared not look at the figure stirring in the bed, for fear his gaze might awake the sleeper. For he slept; the sound of the keys had only jarred some chord in his uneasy dream. Long minutes after the snoring was in full progress again Francois waited, and then with careful fingers he clasped the entire bunch of keys softly and carried them into the next room.

There was a low light there, on the writing-table. Francois slipped the thin, old, brass key which he knew off from the bunch; he glanced about quickly and found the flint and steel on its table and put them in his pocket; he took down that small saber, with its well-polished scabbard, and buckled it about himself; then a thought came to him. A sheet of paper lay on the governor's writing-table as if he had been about to write a letter; pen and ink were ready. The prisoner dropped into the governor's chair and wrote:

"My dear count, I cannot run away without leaving a good-by for you and a word of thanks for the kindness you have shown me. Be sure I shall not forget our evenings together and shall be glad when I hear of your promotion, as I am sure I shall hear. I heartily hope I am not going to make trouble for you. But I have to go—you will understand that. With a thousand thanks again I am, count, your grateful prisoner—Francois Beaupre."

Still the count snored. Francois, alert, stood and listened as he folded the note carefully and laid it under a weight on the table. Then he tendered Providence no longer. He slid the battered, bright, old, brass key softly into the lock, let himself into the dark stairway, unlocked the door on the inside, groped his way painfully down the steep stairs into the wine-cellar, and when he felt a level floor under his feet struck a light with the governor's flint and steel. He lighted one of his candle ends. The wine-cellar, which he had left only two hours before, seemed almost homelike; it lacked the governor, that was all. He crossed to the projecting stone in the north wall, and pressed the corner of the stone below. Nothing happened. Hurriedly he pressed it again, harder, but the cold even surface of the wall stared him blankly in the face. Again he pushed—with no result. A sickened came over him. Was all his labor and peril to go for nothing? Was he to be caught again and thrust back, this time into some far worse dungeon? How had he dared to hope! The entrance was closed, overgrown, the masonry had grown solid with years and dampness.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Patient Guide.

He flashed out this way and desperately he slid it this way and that about the great stone, trying to find a crack, something to loosen, something that would give. And while he worked in a fever, in a chill, he remembered Pietro's letter.

Then he set down the candle end on a shelf and with trembling fingers drew off his coat and drew out the hidden papers. The wet from his bath in the water-butt had stained them a lit-

tle, but only a little, for they were carefully wrapped in the bit of oilskin in which they had come. He unfolded the letter.

"If you will press the lower corner on the left-hand side," Pietro said—"the lower corner!"

And he had been concentrating all his efforts, all his despair, on the upper corner. When it is a question of life and death a man is superhumanly strong and quick sometimes, but he is also sometimes forgetful. It is an exciting and confusing thing, likely, to be working for life and liberty after five years of imprisonment. Francois pushed the lower left-hand corner and like magic the great block above swung out. With his lighted candle end in his hand he slipped through and turned and swung back the door into place and turned again and faced blackness. Narrow, low, cold blackness. Quickly enough, however, with good courage, with his heart thumping out a song of hope, which he had kept down sternly till now, he walked, at times stooping low as he must be because of the descent, down the secret road of the old Zappis. His candle held forward, he could see a few feet ahead, but all he could see was huge blocks of rough stone, green with mold, water dripping between them. The air he breathed was heavy and thick; through his wet clothes he felt a chill as of the grave. But what mattered the road, when the road led to freedom?

Suddenly it came to him that the passage might be blocked. It was years since Pietro had been through it; some of the stones might have fallen—it would take very little to close so narrow a way. With an anxiety which was physical pain, with breathless eagerness now, he hurried on. He had to stop to light his second candle; again he hurried on. Would the end never come? Was any mistake possible? With that he stumbled against something and fell, and the candle flew from his hand and was put out; with a hoarse groan he threw out an arm to steady himself, to rise; his hand went through a yielding, prickly mass; a glimmer came in past it—light—the end!

Pushing, crashing, staggering forward, he came into a strange place. It was as if a giant had taken a huge spoon and scooped out the top of the earth deep, very deep. All of this great hollow was filled with trees and tangled undergrowth. It was full of vague shadows in the glimmer of the earliest dawn. Francois, standing there sobbing, ghastly with paleness, with matted hair and wild-staring eyes and gasping mouth and wet torn clothes, was a fit demon for the haunted spot. He saw nothing, no one; with that there was a soft snapping of twigs and a movement in the darkness farthest from him; a movement toward him. Tottering he crawled to meet it; in another second the shadows had shaped into figures—a peasant boy on a horse, leading another horse.

Then he stood close to them, and the boy, leaning over without a word put something into his hand, and Francois, swaying with exhaustion, saw that it was a flask. He took a long swallow of cognac and his chilled blood leaped, and with that he had caught the bridle from the lad and was in the saddle.

In the shadows of trees, in a lonely lane, the peasant boy stopped his horse suddenly and made a short gesture toward the flask sticking out of Francois's coat pocket. His strength was going again; it was exactly the right moment. Another swallow of brandy and he rode on with fresh courage. But something in the gesture of the peasant boy, something about his seat in the saddle, about the touch of his hand on the rein, gave Francois a curious undefined shock; in the growing daylight he turned toward the silent rider. The coat collar was up and the broad-brimmed soft hat drawn down. The slim figure, outlined against the cool pink vastness of the morning sky was clad like an ordinary young peasant—yet! There was a poise, sure grace, which seemed unlike a peasant, which seemed like—"Have we far to go?" Francois demanded suddenly in French. The head turned swiftly; black exaggerated lashes lifted and under them were the blue eyes he knew.

"Alix."

He cried it out loud, reckless, forgetting everything. But she did not forget. In an instant her hand was on his mouth, and she was whispering in terror.

"Francois, dear Francois, be careful. We are not safe yet. We have a village to ride through—see, there is a house. It is almost time for them to be awake. Ride fast. It is two miles yet."

They were racing again over the soft ground, the horses' unshod feet making little noise, and Francois's heart was playing mad music. No need now of cognac. Then they were galloping down the sand of a lonely beach, and with that there was a little group of people and a boat drawn up; and they had pulled in the horses, and Francois felt himself lifted off like a child and lying like a very little, worn-out child in the general's arms; and the general was crying, swearing, hugging him without shame. Pietro was there; Pietro was rubbing the thin hand in a futile useless sort of way, and holding them by turns to his face. Alix, her peasant hat off now, bent over her, lovelier than ever before, not minding her boy's dress, and smiled at him, wordless. There was a huge man also who took the horses, and Francois wondered if he had heard right that Alix called him "little Battista." Wondering very much at everything, the voices grew far away and the faces uncertain, and he decided that it was without doubt a dream and that Battista would unlock

the door shortly and bring in his breakfast. And with that he knew nothing more till he awoke in a boat.

And it was with a new feeling; with a desire and a hope to live. Pietro sat watching him and brought him, warm milk and held his head up as he drank it, like a woman. Then, in quiet, slow tones, he explained all the puzzle which Francois had by now begun to wonder over. It seemed that just before little Battista had brought Francois's letter to Viqueux, Pietro had received another unexpected letter, from a Colonel Hampton in Virginia, whose estate lay next the six thousand acres of land which the Marquis Zappi had bought fifteen years before. Colonel Hampton wrote with two requests. The first was that the Marquis Zappi should come to Virginia, or send some one with authority to look after his property. The land was going to rack and ruin for want of management; the uncontrolled slaves on the place were demoralizing to the neighborhood. Colonel Hampton had done what he could, but he had not the power of a master, and moreover he was busy with his own large estate. The marquis should come or send a qualified agent at once.

The next object of the letter was to ask that the marquis should receive and entertain the nephew of Colonel Hampton, Mr. Henry Hampton, who, sailing on Colonel Hampton's ship, the sailing ship Coleridge, would bring this letter to the marquis. The ship would go first to England and discharge there her cargo of tobacco, and after that it was to be at the service of young Mr. Hampton, to visit such countries of Europe as he might choose, for six months. Mr. Hampton had many letters to people in England, but none elsewhere, and Colonel Hampton would be obliged if the marquis would receive him at his estate of Castelforte and let him see something of Italy from that point of vantage. The marquis might then, if he thought good, return to Virginia in the lovely Lucy, and either set matters on a firm enough footing to be left, or else—what the colonel considered the better plan—stay with them and become a country gentleman of Virginia. The colonel had heard that there had been political trouble in Italy, but hoped that at this time the country was at peace and the marquis comfortably established in his own castle.

All this the young marquis, an exile of five years from his native land, had read at the chateau of Viqueux. He had considered deeply as to what he might do about Carnifax, his estate in Virginia. He could not go himself, for he was in close connection with the work of Italian patriots outside and inside of Italy; with Mazzini in London; with others in other places. And he did not know anyone whom he could send.

So the matter stood when the big little Battista had brought Francois's letter to Viqueux. And when Alix had appealed to him to take Francois's liberation on his shoulders, with the thought of the secret passage and the vaguely outlined plan of escape had come to him the recollection of Colonel Hampton's letter and the long sea voyage to Virginia.

So when Mr. Henry Hampton landed at Calais, a tall and very handsome and very silent young man took quiet possession of him and told him that he was the Marquis Zappi and that Mr. Hampton was to go with him to the chateau of Viqueux in the Jura. There was a certain gentle force about this young marquis which made opposition to his expressed wish something like banging one's head against a stone wall. Mr. Henry Hampton had planned going direct to Paris, but he went to Viqueux. And on the journey down the Marquis Zappi opened out a plan which richly rewarded him for his pliability. Mr. Hampton had some what clearer ideas on Italian politics

than, but I could not think of doing so.

When I boarded the boat at Valdez, where I left two of my dogs, my leader, Psiyrik, tried to get up the gangplank after me, but when they would not let him he stood there until the boat pulled out, whining, as much as to say, "How can you desert me now?"—Lieut. George F. Vaughn in World's Work.

Timely Admonition.
The death of a child as a result of its clothing catching fire from an open grate has moved Coroner Jamison to admonish parents that the safety of their loved one is imperiled by the tolerance in homes of unscrupulous grates and gas stoves. Year after year the advent of cold weather has marked the beginning of a long list of fire fatalities, probably the most agonizing form of death, and yet, in spite of such warnings, the unscrupulous grate is the exception and not the rule. In the months of January and February of the present year no less than 22 children were burned to death as a result of the use of open coal and gas grates, and during the year many women have met a similar fate.—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

Real Feminine Power.
"So you don't approve of those I London suffragettes?"
"I don't know much about them," replied Miss Cayenne, "but I can't help feeling that a woman who can't subdue a few men without the use of dynamite is something of a failure."

Easy to Find Out.
"Does your father object to kissing?"
"I don't know. Shall I tell him you would like to kiss him?"

Chas. Mc. article; he knew enough to desert the Austrians and to have a keen sympathy for the long, heroic, losing fight—so far losing—of those devoted men who were counting their lives as nothing for a united Italy. The scheme of helping to rescue a prisoner out of an Austrian fortress was an adventure such as made his eyes dance. Mr. Hampton was twenty-one and full of romance, romance as yet ungratified. So, Pietro told Francois, this long explanation over, the lovely Lucy was anchored at an unimportant island outside the port for which they were bound, and Francois and the others were to go on board and set sail promptly for some port of France. There the general, Alix, Pietro and little Battista were to be put ashore, and Francois was to sail across to Virginia with Mr. Hampton and take possession for Pietro of his American estates.

Francois, lying in bed with his eyes glowing like lanterns, listened. But as his friend finished he broke out, with a sharp pain in his voice. "Pietro! I want to see my mother."

And Pietro was silent, laying a quiet hand over the unsteady one. Without a word he sat so and let the sick man think. The line of red which came into the pale cheeks told that he was thinking intensely, and at last, with a shivering sigh which went to the other's heart:

"You are right, Pietro," he said. "It is a wonderful plan for a broken man. It is like you to do everything right without a word said. The sea voyage, the healthy life in Virginia—that ought to make a man of me again soon, ought it not, Pietro?"

Pietro could not speak as he looked at the wrecked figure, but he nodded cheerfully.

"As for your place, I'll have that in order in a month, and in a year it will be a model for Virginia; and then I'll come home."

Pietro smiled. "Come home and fight for the prince—for our Prince Louis. Do you remember that afternoon at the chateau, Pietro, and the strange boy, and how he fascinated us and how—the weak voice stopped at every syllable, but slipped on again cheerfully. The familiar charm of the boy Francois was strong as he talked. "And how he was not to be frightened by any danger of an old wall—" and Francois stopped, smiling.

"And how you saved him," Pietro added. "That was a chance," said Francois quickly. "But, Pietro, do you remember how Alix turned on you, because I had done it? Droll little Alix!"

"She always scorned me because I was not wonderful like you, Francois. You were always the hero," Pietro said gently, and pressed the skeleton hand under his own.

Francois's eyes blazed up at him then as they had done so often in boyhood. "Not that, Pietro. You do not understand. It was because Alix wished always to see you first. I was older and had a certain quickness—she wanted you to have my poor facility as well as all of your own gifts."

Pietro smiled his kind quiet smile. "My Francois, I have no gifts. And if Alix is more proud of you it is right, for you are a pride to all of us and I am the last to grudge one particle of honor or love to you. Francois—" Pietro's deep voice stopped, and then he went on in his straightforward, simple way—"Francois, it is not possible for me to tell you how glad I am to have you, my brother, back from the dead."

And weak, nerve-wrecked Francois, holding tight to Pietro's hand, turned his face to the wall and cried.

Now that the end of effort was over, the strain of the long years showed their effects in a collapse; the stretched chord had fallen loose, relaxed as if it might never make music again. When the time came to leave the sailboat of Luigi and go aboard the lovely Lucy, the effort was too much for the man who, two nights before, had shown the nerve and agility of an acrobat. When he must leave the boat and make the change, he fainted, and, wrapped in a blanket, ghastly white, unconscious, the little Battista carried his light weight up the ladder of the American ship.

Stand-Off.
Nagging Wife—drinking husband. Which is cause and which is effect? Sociologists and temperance lecturers may think they know but they don't.—Philadelphia Record.

No Cheese Parer.
The late George A. Hearn, the New York millionaire art collector, was noted for his generosity to his employees.
To a reporter who once congratulated Mr. Hearn on the high wages and unusual comforts that his employees received Mr. Hearn said: "I don't believe in cheeseparing economy in the treatment of those whose hard work makes a man's success. Cheeseparing economy, applied in that way, seems to be as mean and paltry as the Yonkers man."

"A Yonkers man was summoned from his evening paper by his wife's frightened cry: 'George, come quick! The cook has tried to kill herself inhaling gas!'"
"Good gracious!" growled George as he rushed to the kitchen, leaped over the cook's prostrate form, and turned off the cook—"good gracious, think of what the gas bill will be this month!"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Caustic.
There is a certain party who is very voluble. Long after a dialogue in which he is concerned has reached its logical finish he persists in dragging it forward, in stringing out his sentences to the utmost notch. A friend who was impatiently waiting the other day for the verbose one to wind up one of his harangues testily summed up his method in these words: "There's Bill again at his favorite game of turning periods into commas!"



Better cookies, cake and biscuits, too. All as light, fluffy, tender and delicious as mother used to bake. And just as wholesome. For pure Baking Powder than Calumet cannot be had at any price. Ask your grocer.
RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS
World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Ill.
Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912
You don't save money when you buy cheap or big-calumet baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's more economical—more wholesome—gives best results. Calumet is far superior to sour milk and soda.

WILLIE'S IDEA OF A GOOD ONE

Bright Youngster Evidently Was not Greatly Impressed by Papa's Lesson.

They were speaking of the wisdom of the kids in a Washington club the other day, when this one was told by Senator George E. Chamberlain of Oregon:

At the breakfast table some time ago little Willie began to play with the pepper box, and, notwithstanding the commands of papa, he kept right on doing as he pleased about it until the box upset and the contents were spread over the tablecloth.

"There you go!" peevishly cried papa, casting a stern eye on the kid. "Didn't I tell you not to monkey with that pepper box?"

"Yes, sir," was the meekful response of Willie, as he tried to scoop up the sneaky commodity.
"As you disobeyed my," continued papa severely, "I have a great mind to make the punishment fit the crime by putting some of the pepper on your tongue."

"All right, papa," returned Willie, trying to hide a merry smile, "but the next time I will upset the sugar bowl."



MAN'S LOVE FOR THE DOG
Strong Spirit of Affection That Binds Them Together Has Long Been a Matter of Note.

The day before I reached Chitina I met a trapper carrying five little puppies on his back. He had the mother dog with him in good condition. He had been three days (two of them without any food) making 12 miles rather than sacrifice these dogs and he had frozen his feet and hands so badly as a result that I am afraid he was bound to lose some of his fingers and toes.

I like to think that I finished my 1,000-mile trip in 21 days with the same five dogs with which I started, and that not one of them had even a sore foot during the entire journey. In fact, before I started Psiyrik had cut his left hind foot, which made it necessary to mucklock it, but when I finished my journey he was in better condition than at first.

Not once during the whole way did I sit on the sled; I pushed it for at least 500 miles and ran beside it for another 300. Running became such a habit that when I got to Cordova and started to go down the street I found myself unconsciously running. I really had to learn to walk from the beginning all over again.

I hated to part with my dogs, but as our country is too hot for them I decided to give them away. I broke up the team and separated them, so that they would not work together again. I had several chances to sell

THE DAUGHTER of DAVID KERR

By Harry King Tootle

Illustrations by RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Gloria Kerr, a motherless girl, who has spent most of her life in school, arrives at her father's home in Belmont. David Kerr is the political boss of the town, and is anxious to prevent his daughter's learning of his real character. Kendrick, representing the Chicago packers, is negotiating with Judge Gilbert, Kerr's chief adviser, for a valuable franchise. They fear the opposition of Joe Wright, editor of the reform paper. Kerr asks the assistance of Judge Gilbert in introducing Gloria to Belmont society, and promises to let her have all the graft. Gloria meets Joe Wright at the Belmont. It appears they are intimate terms, having met previously on a touring party in Europe. The Gilberts invite Gloria to stay with them pending the furnishing of the Kerr home. Wright begins his fight against the packers' scheme in the columns of his paper, the Belmont News. Kerr, through his henchmen, exerts every influence to hamper Wright. In the publication of his paper, Gloria takes up settlement work. Kerr and his henchmen decide to buy Kerr's name more deeply into settlement work. She calls on a sick girl of the underworld, named Ella. She learns for the first time that her father is the head of a notorious gang of political grafters. South of the city, Ella is heard in the room over Ella's. Gloria finds Wright unconscious, a victim of an attempted assassination by thugs in the pay of the political ring. She hides him in Ella's room and defies the thugs. She saves them by announcing that she is Kerr's daughter. Ella threatens to give up Wright to the thugs and is choked into unconsciousness by Gloria, who then falls unconscious on Wright's body. They are rescued by Ella's father and wife. Wright decides to sell his paper and leave Belmont. Gloria hears that Wright is going away and tries to persuade him to ask his forgiveness for her harsh words.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

Patty, tired of listening to a conversation she could not understand, and, remembering the visitor, asked: "What shall I tell him?"

"Wait a minute, Patty," Wright motioned the child to the door. Then he turned to Gloria. "You can leave by this side entrance. No one will be the wiser for this visit. The minute the door closes behind you, Patty—and I—will have forgotten that you called. But I will not have forgotten your kindness and consideration. Before you leave I want you to know that I can't value too highly the motive that prompted your call. To the end I'll treasure it as a memory haloed by the parting from the only woman I—Good-by."

He felt he could not complete what he wished to say without a show of emotion to which it would not do to give way. The only thing he could do was to hold out his hand and say, "Good-by."

Gloria put both her hands behind her back, and shook her head.

"No, I refuse to go."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say. I intend to stay here and meet my father and hear what he has to say to you."

Wright gazed at her intently, but she did not quiver under his scrutiny.

"It shall be as you say," he assented. "Go, Patty, tell him to come in."

After Patty closed the door there was an awkward silence which he broke by saying, "I must say that this meeting is ill-advised."

She sighed and shook her head.

"Oh, ill-advised or not, my mind is made up. Things cannot go on as



"You Kin Come Over to My Way of Thinkin'."

they are. If henceforth I am to direct my own affairs, why shouldn't I begin now?"

"But how explain your being here?"

"If he can't believe what I have to say he isn't worth the slight esteem with which I still regard him."

"Here he comes."

"Let him see you first." She retreated to a corner of the room where her father's first glance as he entered would not discover her. Patty opened the door and David Kerr walked into the room.

The two men looked at each other without any attempt at a feigned cordiality.

"Mr. Wright," began the boss, and at mention of his name the newspaper man bowed slightly in recognition of the greeting. "I met Dr. Hayes this afternoon. He spoke of you, and what he told me has led me to break a custom of years: I've come to see you. In this town it's always been the other way. We spoke with all his accustomed force, and seemed even more confident than usual as he added, 'The old way will continue, sir, but owing to what you might call the relationship that once—'

"Sir!" thundered Wright in aston-

ishment. Covertly he looked at Gloria, to find his own amazement mirrored on her face.

"Bound us, I thought I'd come to see you," the boss continued, not heeding Wright's exclamation.

"One minute, sir," Wright was not willing for him to proceed without his knowing that his daughter was in the room with them. "Before you speak further you must know that we're not alone in this room."

"We're not?" He looked about him, and at the sound of a familiar voice turned sharply to confront his daughter.

"No, father, I'm here." She advanced coolly to the center of the room, and waited for him to speak.

"Gloria! My daughter here!" He managed to gasp. Wright, determined not to have his hand forced, waited to see what card the daughter would play.

"Wait a minute, please," she remarked quietly, the most self-possessed of the three. "Are you so blind you can't see you find me here because I wish it so? My visit to Mr. Wright surprised him just as much as did yours. When you were announced, I told him I would stay."

"So that's it, is it?" her father raged. "Have you turned against me, too? Why didn't I raise you like you ought to be?" It was with an evident effort that he was restraining himself even as much as he was.

"Would to heaven you had!" Gloria exclaimed in a low tone. "You gave me only the roses of life, and now the thorns—all that life offers me—seem sharper than I can bear."

Wright had thought his heart had been so wrung that nothing could hurt him worse, but this confession of unhappiness to her father made his own unhappiness greater than he had believed it could be.

"Gloria, this is distressingly painful. Please don't," he begged. Then he turned to her father. "Why have you come here?"

"Why is she here?"

"Father," now she spoke timidly, a maiden telling of a dear, dead love, for a lot while Mr. Wright and I—were engaged to be married. I don't think you know what that means to a girl, what it meant to me. But you do know how it ended. Yet we're still such good friends that I felt I could come this afternoon to—"

As she spoke, a great light began to dawn upon her father. At the words "good friends," he saw his whole plan successful, although worked out along lines a trifle different than what had been in his mind when he had determined to call upon the editor. Your successful general is a great opportunist, and David Kerr was quick to seize this opportunity.

"Good friends!" he echoed, interrupting her. "Then I'm glad I found you here. Just listen to me a minute. I ain't got much to say. Mr. Wright and I—well, we understand each other pretty well. Now then—you gave us a pretty hard bump, an' I admire you fer it. Of course, you're new to Belmont, an' it looks all right from your point of view. His tongue was now suave and conciliatory. "But you're too good a man to be blockin' the wheels o' progress in this town."

"Things were running pretty smooth when I came here, weren't they?" Wright was willing to admit that much.

"Exactly, exactly," Kerr took a step forward and glanced at Gloria before he went on. "Now then, what do you say to this? You switch over an' join me. If it's too strong for you to go, I'll cut out that Maple avenue railway line, an' we'll go at it some other way."

Gloria looked at her father in astonishment. Wright did not interrupt him, wishing to hear all that he had to say. "This campaign's taught me I'm growin' old. Some day somebody's got to take my place. There ain't a man in the party with your sense. I need you, an'—what's more—you'll profit by bein' with me."

"Mr. Kerr, it won't take me many words to give you your answer."

Reading disapproval in the remark, David Kerr craftily replied with his kindest manner. "Take yer time, take yer time. The more you think it over, the more you'll like it. Besides, I'm thinkin' of Gloria. You two talk it over. She's—"

"Father!" The girl was the perfectly horrified and her sense of the fitness of things outraged by having her name dragged into the discussion. "Would you dare connect my name with such an affair?"

To the coarse nature all things are coarse, and her father seemed surprised that she should resent the manner in which he had connected her with the offer. "An' why not?" he asked. "I've been thinkin' the matter over, an' you an' him would make a pretty good team."

"Oh!" Gloria's disgust was unexpressed. Mere rage was useless to express her feelings.

Kerr turned to Wright, since Gloria appeared to have no inclination to listen. "So I argue, why not fix it up between us?" Then he spoke to his daughter in explanation, "Not knowin' you'd be here. But it's just as well. Now, Mr. Wright, what I say is this: This town wants somebody to run it. Belmont can't get along without some body to keep the wheels greased. I'll put the paper on its feet for you, an' gradually—as gradually as you like—you kin come over to my way of thinkin'." Then what'd be more natural than for you to take over the runnin' o' things—especially as you'd be my son-in-law?

Wright was about to make reply, but Gloria was too quick for him.

"Oh, this is more than I can bear! Am I a dog, a horse, a pig, that I can be traded in a dirty deal with not so much as 'your leave'? I'll not stand it for another instant. One humiliation after another has been my lot, but this is the last. I'm through with you. What has passed has taught you nothing; you're the bargaining, trading, scheming politician still, so low that you'd make your own daughter your own flesh and blood, the bait to lure a good man from his purpose. But you can't do it," she cried, a note of triumph creeping into her denunciation. "he's not your kind. And do you believe that I'll submit to such a thing? What can you think of me? You put me on a plane with those vile creatures who pay you for protection."

"Gloria, please stop!" Wright pleaded. Her father could only look at her in wonder as she poured out the pent-up passion of her inmost soul.

"No, I'll not stop—there's more to say. Here, within this hour, Mr. Wright asked me again to be his wife, and I refused—refused because of you. I came here to warn him against you, to tell him the truth, because once we loved each other. No one can blame me for wishing him well. I came to tell him because I can't be here after this to save him as once I did. Over my body I dared your hirelings to take him, and not one moved. Now I'm going away forever and I want him to have what protection the truth will give. But my warning would be useless; what you offered to do just now is warning enough in itself. The man who would sell his own daughter is capable of anything!"

"Please, Gloria, stop," Wright entreated. "I'm not accustomed to have any one else fight my battles for me. I can take care of myself."

"May be you can," sneered the boss, "but ever since you've been here you've been hidin' behind my daughter. It's because o' her I didn't go after you hot an' heavy long ago. An' then when they did come near gittin' you the other day, she stopped 'em."

"You, Gloria?" Wright could not understand. She only bowed her head.

"But now, by God! that's all past." Kerr brought his fist down on the table with a bang. His breath came in apoplectic gasps and his face was livid with rage. "She's out of it as far as I'm concerned. I did everything in the world for her, an' it wasn't no use." He turned to his daughter as he hurled out his anger and disappointment between his gasps for breath. "I was ready to stan' by you to the end, an' what do I git for all my schemin' an' plannin' fer you? Nothin' but glum looks an' harsh words. If yer goin' away, go. I disown you. I cast you off!"

The girl did not quail beneath his bitter words. They only inflamed her to announce the decision she had already made. Her lip curled with scorn, her eyes snapped, as she looked at her father.

"You disown me! You cast me off!" All the contempt she could muster she threw into her voice. "What right have you, who would barter me away as you would a horse or dog? No, it's I disown you!"

Wright walked over to her and sought to take her hand gently in his, but she drew away. She would stand alone. Like a blind old bear David Kerr seemed to grope his way to the door. There he turned to gaze once more upon the wreck of his latest

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schemes. His rage was still hot upon him.

"I found you in this—this adventure's room. I leave you here. Look to yourself, you are no child o' mine."

The door banged behind him and Gloria Kerr knew that they had met for the last time. The girl, feeling so miserably alone in the world, turned to find bent upon her the tender gaze of the man whom she had once sworn to follow to the end of the world. For them love was dead, she knew, and now life would be for her only a succession of weary days.

"I thought all but my body died that day we spoke of love to find it but a dream," she acknowledged sadly, "yet there was one cup still more bitter I had to drain—and this was that cup's dregs."

"Oh, Gloria, believe me, out of unhappiness happiness comes. Your place is with me now. I hadn't told you, but I, too, am going away forever. And what is more, I'm going to take you with me."

She looked at him in wonder, then slowly shook her head.

"No, you can't leave Belmont, Joe. You're not a coward. I'm going, but your place is here."

"Do you think I shall let you go alone? Never. The one reason I am going east is to sell the Belmont News. I'm through with it. Then I shall follow you over the world until I make you mine—because I love you."

The girl looked at him with the faintest of smiles battling with her settled melancholy. He was bordering on melodrama, and she was regarding him with the same gentleness a loving mother exhibits toward an up-rearing little child.

"How selfish you are, Joe. All your fine sermons are going for naught. You've preached of your duty, and yet at the chance to show your devotion to the duty you're wanting to give up the fight. I'm not worth it, Joe, really I'm not. Think of Belmont. A general doesn't desert his soldiers after a victory, just because he knows the enemy has sent for reinforcements. That would be cowardly, and it isn't like you, Joe. The brave general doesn't give ground, he advances. Don't follow me; I would hate you. I know how Belmont needs you."

"But I need you, Gloria. And what is more, you need me and I can't let you go alone. There is a world elsewhere, even other Belmonts where we can live and labor and love. I didn't know till your father referred to it that you were at Noonan's that day. Can't you see how I need you for my guardian angel? How did you happen to be there?"

Briefly she detailed the visit, minimizing her part in saving him. None the less he was able to see that it was to her he owed perhaps life itself. He listened in silence, letting her tell her story in her own way.

"Gloria, I've come to a decision." She looked at him questioningly. "I'm going to stay here and fight for Belmont."

"Joe, you mean it?" Her face lit up with pleasure and she held out both her hands to him. He took them both, and to her surprise, and despite her resistance, drew her to him.

"But I'm not going to stay alone. If I'm to fight the good fight, I'm not going to fight alone. You called me a coward for wanting to go; won't you reward me for deciding to stay? And out of unhappiness happiness will come. You must stay, Gloria; our place is here."

"Our place!" she echoed, and then was silent for a little time, her head upon his shoulder. He held her tightly, she could not escape. The feeble efforts she had made to break from him were now abandoned as she thought more and more upon his words. At last she looked up at him and smiled. "Yes, Joe, our place is here, and our happiness. Right in this room all my old pride died. But there has been born a new pride, a pride in you and in me, and in what I have been given us to do. The tears came into her eyes as she thought of what they were to each other. "You are all I have in the world, dear; you are my world. Make me always proud that I am your wife."

Wright drew her closer to his heart and kissed her. And there in the shelter of his arms she rested. Peace had come to her.

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TAKING CARE OF BOB

By ELLA CYGAN.

"Amy said," began the girl who likes to talk, "that Bob was gentle as a kitten and so affectionate that in contrast a pair of love birds were pottered images of heartlessness. She said many other things, too, over the telephone about the bull terrier that in a misguided moment they purchased some time ago, but that was because she was trying to make me think I was crazy to have him while she and her husband went to Panama."

"I was to pass a few days with her and get acquainted with the paragon of dogs. Amy said that she always felt perfectly safe with Bob in the apartment, because he would chew up any burglar who appeared. On the way over I grew rather worried, wondering whether Bob was clever enough to distinguish between a caller who was a burglar and a caller who wasn't. Then I recalled Bob's gentleness and took heart."

"When the front door was opened I thought the end had come. Something huge and white fell across the hall table, and, stepping all over me, attempted to climb on my shoulder and perch there. I screamed faintly and wondered if the Pasteur treatment hurt much. Then I was conscious of Amy's voice."

"He's so affectionate!" said Amy in a proud voice. "I never knew him to take such an instant liking to any one before!" He realizes that you love dogs, I am sure!"

"I'm crazy about him!" I assured her, as I intrenched myself behind two chairs and a davenport. "However, I don't care for these aerial effects myself! Can't he keep his feet on the ground?"

"Amy looked hurt, and said she should have thought that I would appreciate a dumb animal's fondness for me. She was interrupted by Bob's giving an exhibition of his dumbness when he saw the postman out of the window. Dashing at the glass at a speed of 60 miles an hour, he let out a roar that shook the apartment. Then he turned and wagged his tail and twinkled his eyes. I think these dogs greatly enjoy life. It must be fine to feel that you can make the whole universe bow to the ground and climb trees if you wriggle your chin or flop an ear."

"I unpacked my suitcase neatly and then when I went to dress for dinner I found that Bob had eaten the heels of my evening slippers."

"It's the funniest thing!" Amy said, enthusiastically, when I wailed out the trouble. "That dog always has had the most insane fondness for shoe heels! We couldn't have a decent shoe in the house when we first got him. He is so intelligent!"

"When Bob was taken out of doors it was with as many precautions as though he were a man eating tiger. For my part I would as soon sally forth with the jungle beast as with that animal. He had a harness on of battleship leather—well, they have battleship linoleum, anyhow—and snapped to that was a leash with a loop to go over your wrist and then you had a whip."

"I felt as though the band was going to play as I entered the sawdust ring when I took Bob outdoors that day. He shot up the street instantly, and as it was slippery I hung on and slid, shrieking at him to stop. Presumably he was a game, that diabolical animal merely tore on, whisking me around a corner into a perambulator, but maybe I crawled under—anyhow, I was half a block ahead before the nurse had picked herself up from the ground, and Bob was so impetuous that I couldn't return to inquire."

"It might have been all right if he hadn't seen a cat. Amy said afterward reproachfully that I shouldn't have allowed him to see a cat. However, she did not say whether I should have run in front of Bob and held my hands over his eyes or chloroformed him till the cat had strolled by. If I had fancied up to now that Bob had been hastening, I was mistaken. He had been dawdling, but when he saw that cat he turned on full speed."

"All I remember is hurtling through the air, hanging to the leash for dear life, for Amy had cautioned me that I had the safety of the public in my hands, and so I dared not let go. Bob spread himself low over the ground and just ate up the distance. We chased that cat down the street, then through an alley and then whizzed up the steps of a big house just as the front door opened and a perfectly lovely man emerged attired for an afternoon wedding or a tea-fight."

"I let Bob go then, because I fell over the top step."

"The tea-fight man, after rising from where he had been tossed by Bob, picked me up. There were awful sounds of riot from inside the house where Bob had treed the cat on a mantel. It really was an unusual situation."

"He is such an intelligent dog," I stuttered. "And so affectionate!"

"The tea-fight man actually grinned. 'I owned a terrier once myself,' he confided, understandingly."

"Just then Bob dashed out and clumped into my lap with his muddy paws, just as though he was not something slightly less than a young hippopotamus. Laying his huge head on my shoulder, he sighed contentedly as though he had had a very pleasant afternoon, indeed."

"Oh, yes, I'm going to take him while Amy is away. I think a little excitement will do me good!"

Little Quicksilver Produced.

Not since 1860 has the output of quicksilver been so low as last year, which showed the smallest production, except in three years, since 1850, when the commercial production of quicksilver began in this country. The decrease amounted to \$279,387. Outside of California especially new prospecting and development were active.

Unanswered Prayer.

Did you ever notice how hard it is at the table to get a cupful of coffee?—Denver Times.

THE END.

THE END.

THE END.

THE END.

THE END.

THE END.

THE END.

THE END.

THE END.

THE END.

THE END.

Sick Women Made Well

Reliable evidence is abundant that women are constantly being restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The many testimonial letters that we are continually publishing in the newspapers—hundreds of them—are all genuine, true and unsolicited expressions of heartfelt gratitude for the freedom from suffering that has come to these women solely through the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Money could not buy nor any kind of influence obtain such recommendations; you may depend upon it that any testimonial we publish is honest and true—if you have any doubt of this write to the women whose true names and addresses are always given, and learn for yourself.

Read this one from Mrs. Waters:

CAMDEN, N.J.—"I was sick for two years with nervous spells, and my kidneys were affected. I had a doctor all the time and used a galvanic battery, but nothing did me any good. I was not able to go to bed, but spent my time on a couch or in a sleeping-chair, and soon became almost a skeleton. Finally my doctor went away for his health, and my husband heard of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and got me some. In two months I got relief and now I am like a new woman and am at my usual weight. I recommend your medicine to every one and so does my husband."—MRS. TILLIE WATERS, 1135 Knight St., Camden, N.J.

And this one from Mrs. Haddock:

UTICA, OKLA.—"I was weak and nervous, not able to do my work and scarcely able to be on my feet. I had backache, headache, palpitation of the heart, trouble with my bowels, and inflammation. Since taking the Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I am better than I have been for twenty years. I think it is a wonderful medicine and I have recommended it to others."—MRS. MARY ANN HADDOCK, Utica, Oklahoma.

Now answer this question if you can. Why should a woman continue to suffer without first giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial? You know that it has saved many others—why should it fail in your case?

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No one sick with woman's ailments does justice to herself if she does not try this famous medicine made from roots and herbs, it has restored so many suffering women to health.

Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. (CONFIDENTIAL) LYNN, MASS., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.



PROBABLY TOLD THE TRUTH

Scotsman's Boast Seemed Far-Fetched, But Explanation Put a Different Face on It.

John Butler Yeats, who paints portraits and, incidentally, is the father of William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet, is a regular patron of a certain New York restaurant. Among the habitués of this place he has acquired a reputation as a raconteur. "In my part of Ireland," he tells, "there was a noisy Scotsman whose abuse of everything Irish riled the neighbors considerably. At first, however, he refrained from bragging about Scotland, and we decided to wait until he should be guilty of that indiscretion before acting drastically. The chance came at last. He had been swearing at the Irish peat fires, the Irish rain, and the Irish sheep, and ended up by saying that, 'Hoot mon, Scotland was verra deerfer!' It was a land flowing with milk and honey." Well, we went for him. Scotland, we pointed out, was known to be a barren waste inhabited by starvelings, and the Biblical quotation he had used could not have been more outrageously misapplied. He looked us over with his canny eye. "Ye're wrang," he said, "I can prove it. Scotland flowed w' milk, and maybe honey, a' the time that I was there. I left when I wis ten months ald."

Good Reason for Selling.

A well-known lawyer had a horse that always stopped and refused to cross the bridge leading out of the city. No whipping, no urging, would induce him to cross without stopping. So he advertised him:

"To be sold, for no other reason than that the owner want to get out of town."

The average woman hater can give no satisfactory reason.

Speaking Of Lunch

the wife said, "Bring home a package of

Post Toasties

—Sure!

Toasties are wonderfully good at any meal, and somehow seem to match the appetite of both home folks and guests.

Bits of selected Indian Corn, delicately seasoned, cooked, rolled thin and toasted to a rich golden brown—that's Post Toasties.

Fresh, tender and crisp, ready-to-eat direct from the package. With cream and a sprinkle of sugar—

"The Memory Lingers"

Toasties sold by grocers everywhere.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature

400,000 Settlers a Year

Immigration figures show that the population of Canada increased during 1913, by the addition of 400,000 new settlers from the United States and Europe. Most of these have gone on farms in provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Lord William Percy, an English Nobleman, says:

"The possibilities and opportunities offered by the Canadian West are so infinitely greater than those which exist in England, that it seems absurd to think that people should be impeded from coming to the country where they can most easily and certainly improve their position."

New districts are being opened up, which will make accessible a great number of homesteads in districts especially adapted to mixed farming and grain raising.

For illustrated literature and reduced railway rates, apply to Surt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

W. S. NETHERY, Interurban Bldg., Columbus, Ohio, Canadian Government Agent

200 Farms Absolutely Free

We will give away FREE of charge and without restrictions as to improvement or settlement 200 farm tracts of from 5 to 40 acres in Palm Beach County.

THE PUBLIC LEDGER

LAILY—EXCEPT SUNDAY, FRIDAY OF JULY, THURSDAY OF AUGUST, AND CHRISTMAS.
A. F. CURRAN, Editor and Publisher.
 LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE NO. 40. OFFICE—PUBLIC LEDGER BUILDING, MAYSVILLE, KY.
SUBSCRIPTIONS—BY MAIL.
 One Year \$3.00
 Six Months \$1.50
 Three Months .75
 Single Copies 10 CENTS
 PAYABLE TO ORDER AT END OF MONTH
ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS CASH IN ADVANCE.

Col. Goethals hasn't got all that's coming to him yet. Maybe he will be banished to Alaska.

KEEPING THEM AT HOME.

The reason why Kentuckians leave home, according to the Bowling Green Messenger, "is because we are over-crowded with men and shy on business and industrial pursuits." Then again, the same authority says Kentuckians always have been "a restless lot." It is the Messenger's opinion that "if we who believe in the State and its resources will get behind the movement to develop the State's industries and then encourage the young men to stay, there ought to be a curtailment of the exodus to the West." This is all true. The State Journal believes the movement for better farming will be of great benefit in inducing Kentuckians to stay at home. If the children, for instance learned something about scientific agriculture in the schools not so many of them perhaps would care to leave the farm. There now are better agricultural opportunities than ever before. Farming is a man's job and we greatly need farmers with brains and business acumen.—State Journal.

OH, SUCH BEAUTIFUL LANGUAGE!

In a newspaper friendly to Congressman Angus Owsley Stanley we find this extract from one of his celebrated orations:

"For centuries neither the telescope of the astronomer nor the researches of science could solve the mystery of that misty light, that glimmering gossamer encircling the black brow of night; but at last the spectrum revealed in this nebula unborn worlds, held in a shimmering gauze; revolving masses of incandescent gas, cooling through the passing cycles of time, growing denser without, shrinking within, forming smoky concentric circles, a whirling luminous fog, congealing into molten rings drawn by their own gravity into rude globes and these spinning spheres shaped by the plastic hand of Divinity, like clay upon a potter's wheel, into planets and their satellites, new solar systems, swinging for the first time into their orbits in the trackless, fathomless, depths above. Thus God peoples the heavens' luminous worlds."

That is what we would call some langwidge, Owsley.

If them words can't elect a man to the United States Senate there is no use calling on the dictionary for help.—Lexington Leader.

ENFORCE THE LAWS AND THE DRUNKS WILL DISAPPEAR

In a prohibition town or any other town, the appearance of a drunken man on the streets is "disorderly" and he should be arrested and locked up. Last Saturday there were some particularly offensive cases in the prohibition town of Cynthia. To lock a "drunk" behind the bars and affix the accompanying fine, or season on the rock pile, will have a salutary effect on that particular individual and also on other individuals who may be inclined to offend in the same way. There are sufficient laws to correct, or check, almost any evil if the laws are properly enforced.—Cynthia Democrat.

POLITICAL PICKINGS.

(Pittsburg Gazette-Times)

Perhaps if the President had it to do over again he would not raise that recent embargo on the shipment of arms and ammunition into Mexico.

(St. Louis Republic.)

Vice President Marshall is not the first man who ever wondered why a Puritan did not believe in kissing his wife on Sunday.

(Kansas City Star.)

General Felix Diaz is now in New York where danger from gunmen is even greater than it is in Mexico.

(Springfield Republican.)

It is generous of Becker to promise not to make a fuss about the graft charges if the murder case is dropped.

(Detroit Free Press.)

If Villa is a Mexican patriot what would a Mexican traitor be like?

(Chicago News.)

Carranza must cease making Secretary Bryan look foolish.



ART AND A SAUSAGE KING.

Robert Henri, the eminent New York painter, was talking about those millionaires who buy, merely to show off, doubtful "old masters" at fabulous prices.

"Their knowledge of art," Mr. Henri said, "is about equal to that of the Chicago sausage manufacturer who said to Whistler:

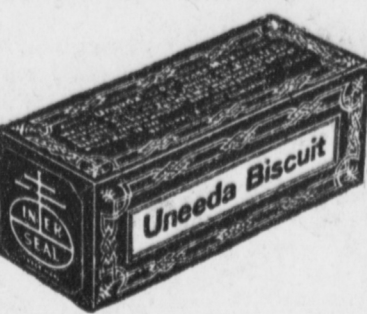
"What would you charge to do me in oil?"

"Ten thousand," said Whistler promptly.

"But suppose I furnish the oil?" said the millionaire.

Uneeda Biscuit

Nourishment—fine flavor—purity—crispness—wholesomeness. All for 5 cents, in the moisture-proof package.



Baronet Biscuit

Round, thin, tender—with a delightful flavor—appropriate for luncheon, tea and dinner. 10 cents.



GRAHAM CRACKERS

A food for every day. Crisp, tasty and strengthening. Fresh baked and fresh delivered. 10 cents.



Buy biscuit baked by NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY Always look for that name

ACTOR HACKETT

Notified That He Is Sole Heir To An Estate Valued at \$2,500,000.

Washington.—Suddenly hoisted into the millionaire class, James K. Hackett, one of the premier actors of America, will devote at least a portion of his inheritance to the uplift of the stage.

Mr. Hackett received word by phone that on the death of his niece, Mrs. Minnie Hackett Trowbridge, he had come into her entire estate of \$2,500,000.

CRYING FOR HELP

Lots Of It In Maysville, But Daily Growing Less.

The kidneys often cry for help. Not another organ in the whole body more delicately constructed; Not one more important to health. The kidneys are the filters of the blood.

When they fail the blood becomes foul and poisonous.

There can be no health where there is poisoned blood.

Backache is one of the frequent indications of kidney trouble.

It is often the kidneys' cry for help. Read what Doan's Kidney Pills have done for overworked kidneys.

Read what Doan's have done for Maysville people.

Mrs. Annie McClellan, 541 West Second street, Maysville, Ky., says: "I was often dizzy and nervous and my head ached. I had pain in my back and my kidneys were weak. Doan's Kidney Pills stopped the complaint immediately and made me well and strong."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

To Obtain the Confidence Of the PEOPLE

One must do just exactly what he agrees to do. This is just what we are doing. We believe this will ultimately bring us a successful business. We understand the Plumbing Business thoroughly and can install your Plumbing completely and satisfactorily; that we will give you the service you have a right to expect. Give us a trial.

GEORGE H. TRAXEL
 COR. THIRD AND LIMESTONE STS.

Fresh Meats W. A. Wood & Bro.

Market Street. MAYSVILLE, KY.
 All kinds of Fresh Meats. Cash paid for butchers' stock, hides and tallow.

MAX MIDDLEMAN TRANSFER CO.

Transfer and General Hauling. We make a specialty of large contracts. Office and barn 180 East Second street. Phones 145 and 228.

Dr. P. G. SMOOT

...General... Practitioner
 Second Floor Masonic Temple, Third and Market streets, Maysville, Ky.
 Special Attention to Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat.
 Residence, 124 E. Third St. Telephone office 51, residence 1. Office hours, 10 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 4 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Sundays by appointment only.

Watches, Jewelry, Diamonds

Electric and Alcohol Percolators, Icy-Hot Bottles, Mahogany Trays, Gillett Shaving Sets, Canes, etc. Fine line of Diamond Rings from \$10 up. SPECIAL PRICES.

CHAS. W. TRAXEL & CO.
 PHONE 395.

For Sale West End Property.

We have for sale THREE beautiful residences in the West End on Second street. These homes are modern throughout. Each home is located on large lots, running back to Third street. The extension of the street car line, in that section, and the building of an up-to-date apartment house in this end of town, in our judgment is sure to stimulate values of real estate in that part of our city. These homes will be opened for inspection, to prospective buyers at any time. For particulars see us at once.

Thos. L. Ewan & Co

REAL ESTATE AND LOAN AGENTS
 FARMERS AND TRADERS' BANK. MAYSVILLE, KY.

JOHN W. PORTER, FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

17 West Second St., MAYSVILLE, KY.

First Showing of Spring Goods

At the New York Store Saturday.

PRESENTS GIVEN WITH \$5 PURCHASE.

Carpets, Rugs, Matting, Spring Goods

Of all kinds. More than ever and cheaper than ever. CARPETS—Two Specials—Heavy Flowered Carpet 25c yard. Heavy Ingrain, 50c quality, 33c yard.

ROOM-SIZE RUGS—Matting Rugs, 9x12, \$2.00. Room-size Rugs in wool, 9x12, \$4.00. Brussels Rugs, Velvet Rugs, all sizes and low in price.

TOBACCO COTTON—Buy now. A good one 2 1/2c yard; much better one 3c yard.

NEW YORK STORE S. STRAUS, Proprietor
 PHONE 671

WHITE OATS 50c Bushel

Cotton Seed Meal, Mill. Feed, Corn and Hay.

J. C. EVERETT & CO.

L. LANGEFELS

Modern Plumbing, Steam and Hot Water Heating!

High quality of Gas Work a Specialty. Handle Only the Best of material. Dealer in Brass Valves and Fittings, Gas Stoves and Ranges, All Sizes of Sewer Pipe.

Maysville, Ky.

DO YOU KNOW

Mr. Tobacco Grower Farmers and Planters WAREHOUSES

Have beat the market average every week this season? No? Well, then, it will pay you to investigate. Last week the Supervisor's report showed an average for the market \$9.36.

OUR AVERAGE FOR THE WEEK WAS \$10.74
 FIGURES DON'T LIE.
 COME LOOK AT OUR BOOKS.

The Final Cut

Greater Values Than Ever This Saturday

We place on sale the balance of this High-Grade Footwear at a fraction of their real value in order to make room for the spring goods now arriving daily. Now is your opportunity to buy your spring footwear at bargain prices. Be here tomorrow and see these great special offers that will afford you a great saving on your shoe bills. See windows for these

FOUR BIG SPECIALS

Ladies' Fine Medium-Weight Shoes, in gunmetal, velvet and vic kid, button and Bluchers, \$2 and \$2.50 values,
\$1.49

Ladies, here is an exceptional opportunity. Custom-made Shoes, \$3 and \$3.50 values, every leather, newest models, all sizes,
\$1.99.

Men's Fine Shoes in this season's newest models. They come in vic kid and gunmetal Bluchers. \$2 and \$2.50 values,
\$1.49.

Men, in this lot you will find custom-made Shoes on the newest desirable lasts, every leather, a real bargain, at
\$1.99.

Try a Pair of W. H. Means' Dry Feet Shoes.

DAN COHEN
 INC

The Finish

Is approaching, but there will be no let-up in the care with which Tobacco is handled at the

HOME

Until the end. We will continue to sort it carefully, watch the sellers' interests closely and make it bring the

Top of the Market!

The most Tobacco has been and will continue to be sold at the HOME, because that is where

It Sells Best.

Prescription Filling!

When you receive a prescription, though it may have been quickly written, it embodies the results of years of study and experience on the part of your physician. It is essential that the doctor intended or results will be lacking. The compounding must also be properly done or there may be failure for that reason.

When you bring prescriptions to us you get the finest drugs that money will buy and you get scientific compounding. We feel our responsibility in this matter and have every equipment necessary to give you perfect service. If you have us fill your prescriptions you can feel sure about them.

THE CHENOWETH DRUG CO., Incorporated.

Rexall Store

COR. SECOND AND SUTTON STREETS, MAYSVILLE, KY.

AS WE ARE NEARING THE END

Of the season we would advise that you get your tobacco in as soon as possible. The market is still strong and prices good, especially noticeable at the

INDEPENDENT WAREHOUSE

Where your interests are looked after by experienced tobacco people. Our business up until now, which has been merited by our interest in behalf of our customers, has been very satisfactory. We wish again to solicit you to sell the remainder of your crop with us and we assure you that we will use every effort in your behalf.

The Independent Loose Leaf Tobacco Co.

WM. GROFFENBAUER, Manager, Formerly of the Farmers Warehouse.



An innocent maiden named Jane, Was wrecked on a railway train; This poor little lass, Was cut by some glass, And she said, "I'll ne'er travel again!"

The House passed a bill to authorize the States to prohibit, by local laws, the sale of convict-made goods in the original package shipped in from outside the State.

John Bassett Moore, counselor of the State Department, left the department, following the acceptance of his resignation, tendered to the President on February 2.

ANAEMIC SINCE CHILDHOOD

How Miss Holmes Regained Her Health.

If you are anaemic, you need more iron in your blood, and the tell-tale symptoms are a pale face—colorless lips, ashen finger nails, poor circulation, and short breath, and more serious diseases are easily contracted when in this condition.

What Vinol did for Miss Yvonne Holmes of Fall River, Mass., it will do for every anaemic run-down person. She says: "I have been weak and anaemic since childhood, always had 'that tired feeling.' Tonic after tonic was tried with little or no result until Vinol was recommended, and after taking three bottles, my appetite and digestion have been improved. I do not suffer any more from insomnia, nor do I have distressing headaches as formerly, and I am stronger than I have been for years."

We ask every anaemic or run-down, weak person in this vicinity to try a bottle of Vinol with the understanding that their money will be returned if it does not do all we claim. J. C. Pacer, Maysville, Ky.

P. S.—Eczema Sufferers! We guarantee our new skin remedy, Saxo.

INHERIT TANGO FROM SAVAGES

Psychologist Also Declares Turkey Trot Was Born of Sailor's Awkwardness

At last the lure of the modern dances—the one-step and tango—has been analyzed. The reason why men and women dance for 36 hours on a stretch, the why of tango teas and even tango breakfasts has been found.

Place the psychological binoculars to your eyes and glance over the fashionably dressed men and women you find in the ballroom of Fifth avenue or in the ballrooms along Broadway. What do you see? Not the fine feathers and the fine gowns, not the tango shorts and tango shoes; these all fade into oblivion before the psychological binoculars. What you really see is the naked entity of these individuals—an entity unaffected by civilization, restraint or culture, but expressing unconcealed the real motions of the person.

Bang! What was that—you almost dropped the psychological binoculars in your surprise? Oh, you call it consternation instead of surprise. Well, at any rate, it was a stiff jolt as you saw the inner selves of all those people leap into your vision, their paint and powder and gowns and jewels fading before the searching stare of the binoculars. You couldn't believe your eyes? Probably not. But what do you see?

A great host of American Indians in full war paint and feathers, prancing and skipping about a fire in a wild, grotesque, though rhythmic war dance set to the accompaniment of barbaric music.

Now, according to the new theory of Prof. Oscar Duryea, that is precisely what an assemblage of fashionable dancers is today—a band of wild American Indians. Of course, Prof. Duryea speaks a trifle figuratively. What he really means is that modern men and women who do the modern dances are crazy about these dances because the dances—particularly the one-step or erstwhile turkey trot—are the outgrowth of the most barbaric of the dances the red overlords of North America participated in long before Christ-

topher Columbus and for some time after him.

Reasoning further, his theory is that the men and women of today who love the modern dances must be in reality savages at heart; that civilization has only glossed over their inherent instincts and that their inner selves are finding an outlet for their real inclinations, through dances that are really an outgrowth of the orgies in which their early predecessors indulged years ago.

All of which explains the revelations one may see who looks through what Prof. Duryea calls the psychological binoculars, a set of imaginary glasses which strip a person of outward show and lay bare his inmost personality or self.

"Then," he was asked, "the reason the modern dances are so popular, have such an iron grip on the people, is because we are really savages at heart and in dancing they are merely obeying the dictates of heredity?"

"Exactly," the professor answered. "The psychological binoculars—if any thing such as they existed—would show you in any ball-room, instead of the gayly gowned beauties of the day, a band of pow-wow-ing red Indians in the midst of a smoke dance or a war dance or what not."

Prof. Duryea has been searching for considerable time for the real reason why the new dances have taken the country.

Representative Langley introduced a bill appropriating \$25,000 for the establishment of a Government fish hatchery at Booneville.

CAPTURED A LARGE MINK.

(Angusta Chronicle.)

A man by the name of Buskirk, who lives on a houseboat near Bradford, on Monday caught a large mink alive. The animal got tangled up in a fence and Buskirk grabbed it, and his hands were saved from being badly bitten by his having on a pair of heavy gloves. The mink was the largest seen in this section in years, as large as an ordinary fox dog. Buskirk shipped it, alive, to Indianapolis parties, and we are told he received \$18 for it.

February failures will prove to be about \$25,000,000 as compared with almost \$35,000,000 for December.

Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart appeared by request before the National House Committee on Education to tell of her experiences in eradicating illiteracy in Rowan County.

A TWENTY-DOLLAR SNOWBALL.

(Dover News.)

Last Sunday week Fulton Ladenburger, of Covington, lost a \$20 gold piece from his pocket while in Dover. The next day snow covered the ground to a depth of several inches. Search for it was futile. Last Saturday the snow softened up and was disappearing rapidly while the boys were in an exciting game of snow-balling. Tommy Fox grabbed up a handful of snow and in making it into a ball discovered it contained something solid. On investigating he found it to be a \$20 gold piece. On his way home he met Lawrence Laycock and asked what it was he had found. On finding it was good money he knew at once to whom it belonged, and took it to Mr. Ladenburger and received a reward for his honesty and good luck.

FISCAL COURT TO GIVE PLACE TO COUNTY COMMISSION.

Frankfort, Ky., March 4.—Much talk in the hotel lobbies about an extra session to revise the revenue laws gives rise to the suspicion that some of Kentucky's ten-dollar-a-day legislators are willing to sacrifice the time, if the Governor thinks the exigency justifies the expense. Some of them show apparent willingness to create the exigency.

WASHINGTON THEATER.

TONIGHT

Myrtle Gonzalez, George Cooper and Karl Formes in "THE MASKED DANCER." Vitaphone drama in 2 parts. Alice Hollister and Tom Moore in "PRIMITIVE MAN." Kalem drama. Harry Meyers and Ethel Clayton in "WHEN THE EARTH TREMBLED." Lubin drama in 3 parts. MATINEE AND NIGHT.

LEGISLATORS PLAYING FOR AN EXTRA SESSION.

Frankfort, Ky., March 4.—Much talk in the hotel lobbies about an extra session to revise the revenue laws gives rise to the suspicion that some of Kentucky's ten-dollar-a-day legislators are willing to sacrifice the time, if the Governor thinks the exigency justifies the expense. Some of them show apparent willingness to create the exigency.

Dr. TAULBEE
SURGEON
Special Attention Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
Suite 14
First National Bank Building

"ROOKWOOD"

It is not the name that makes the COFFEE good. But it's the COFFEE that makes the name good.

Several grades, 1 lb pkts, 1 lb cans, steel cut or whole, 30 to 40 cents.

THE E. R. WEBSTER CO. Wholesale and Retail.

MONDAY AND TUESDAY

QUO VADIS

The greatest picture ever shown in Maysville.

JUST ARRIVED, READY FOR SALE

Seed POTATOES

Red River Ohio, Sand Ohio, Triumphs, Irish Cobbiers, Rurals, Early Rose.

M. C. Russell Co.

Lovel's Specials!

Just Received, a Big Shipment of
VERY FANCY NEW CROP SUGAR HOUSE MOLASSES.
The Last Shipment of
FANCY GREENUP COUNTY SORGHUM
Now here. Can get no more this season.

TWO CARS VERY FANCY WHITE TABLE POTATOES
From the best potato growing district in Michigan. Have contracted for several cars of extra selected Northern Seed Early Rose, Early Ohio, Early Red Triumph and other varieties suitable to our soil and climate, all of which will be here in time for early planting.

FOR THE LENTEN SEASON
Which is close at hand I have direct from Boston a big supply of Fancy Mackerel in barrels and buckets; also Codfish, White Fish, &c. Perfection Flour, which has no superior anywhere, always in stock. Coffee, both green and roasted, of the highest grades. My stock is the best, prices lowest. Finest Teas that can be bought. Both Coffee and Teas are bought directly from the importers for spot cash. **CANNED GOODS**—My stock is unusually large and being bought directly from the canners at low prices as any jobber can buy such goods I am in position to meet the prices of any one and at same time give customers the very best that can be packed. Finest and freshest Seal Shipped Baltimore Oysters a specialty. Fruits and Vegetables always in stock. My aim shall continue to be to give my customers the very best at most reasonable prices. Country Produce, such as Butter, Eggs, Poultry, &c., such as my city trade requires, bought at cash prices, and don't forget that I wholesale as well as retail.

R. B. LOVEL, THE LEADING GROCER, Wholesale and Retail. PHONE 83.

Royal EASY CHAIRS



"Push the button and rest." The kind that the whole family will appreciate and enjoy.

McILVAIN, HUMPHREYS & KNOX,

Funeral Directors and Embalmers. Furniture Dealers.
207 Sutton Street. Phone 250. Maysville, Ky.

Bill—"Ain't you afraid to take your tobaccker down when 'he market's off?"
Mike—"No, I'm goin' to the AMAZON."

A Coroner's jury found that Mrs. Ada Owsley killed her husband, Benjamin Owsley, formerly of Louisville, in self-defense.

HONORS AND MEDALS FOR GOETHALS.

Washington, March 4.—A bill tendering the thanks of Congress to Colonel George W. Goethals and authorizing the President to appoint him a major general in the army, was introduced today by Senator Lodge.

We Are Offering a Line of Watches

For both ladies and gentlemen that has no equal. Our price will interest you, because the price is low and the quality high. Call and let me price them to you. You will buy at our price, because our price is right in 14k gold and gold filled; movement of best quality. Call and let me fit Glasses to your eyes. We will cheerfully change any Glasses we fit without charge in reasonable time. Our Glasses are guaranteed to fit.

P. J. MURPHY, THE JEWELER AND OPTICIAN.

Good Prices Satisfy Sellers!

"Of course they do." The Central Warehouse has Sales Managers and Auctioneer who by reason of long years of experience know how to get Good Prices. Satisfaction necessarily follows. To all those who have sold tobacco with us we will say we hope to sell again, and we ask those who have never sold with us to give us a trial. We believe we can satisfy YOU.

CENTRAL WAREHOUSE COMPANY.
MAYSVILLE, KY.

G. M. JONES, Sales Manager. A. M. PERRY, Auctioneer.

GEM TODAY!
CONTINUOUS SHOW 10 A. M. TO 10 P. M.

WOMEN N. G. AS CITY POLICE OFFICERS.
Chief of Police Gleason, of Chicago, has removed the women police who have been attempting to handle the waitresses' boycott of a downtown restaurant, declaring that women police are a failure at handling disorderly persons of their own sex.

Pastime
Open From 2 to 5 P. M.
Admission Always the Same 10c

Too Late to Talk

About the merits of the different warehouses. Nearly everybody knows where the managers work hard to get full value for the tobacco. Try us with what you have left and see.

Growers Warehouse Co., Inc.
Free Stalls in the Livery Stables. New Telephone 272.
MAYSVILLE, KY. L. T. GABBE, Pres. W. W. M. ILVAIN, Vice-Pres. J. C. RAINE, Sec. Treas.

Buck Kilby says the apricot is the some sort of a fruit that the parsnip is a vegetable.

45,617 IDLE IN CHICAGO
Figures Compiled At Request of Federal Commission.

Chicago.—There are 45,617 unemployed men in Chicago, according to figures compiled by the police after a complete canvass of the city at the request of the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations.

The right of express companies to refuse to deliver C. O. D. shipments of liquor into Texas was upheld by the Missouri Supreme Court.

Secretary Bryan signified his acceptance of Chile's invitation to attend the fifth Pan-American conference, to be held at Santiago, Chile, in September.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson's will, disposing of an estate valued at \$120,500, was filed for probate at Santa Barbara, Cal., yesterday by her son, Lloyd Osbourne.

Often—
The daily food lacks certain important elements, such as the vital mineral salts, which are absolutely demanded for the proper up-keep of body, brain and nerves.

Grape-Nuts
Supplies this lack

This splendid food contains all the nutritive elements of whole wheat and barley—two of Nature's richest food grains—including the vital mineral salts, grown in the grain, and which are an absolute essential for normal up-keep of the system.

Add a dish of Grape-Nuts and cream to the meal for ten days and see what it does for you.

Grape Nuts comes perfectly baked—ready to the package—fresh, crisp, and delicious.

A Reason" for GRAPE-NUTS
—sold by Grocers everywhere.

Maude Fealy and an A-1 Star
Thanhouseer Cast in "Moths"
From the book by the same name. A wonderful Thanhouseer feature production in 4 reels. Don't miss this marvelous play and its wonderful star.

It is reported American Cigar Company will show earnings for 1913 in excess of 14 per cent, on the common stock as compared with 11.9 per cent. in 1912.

"DISASTROUS BET"

DRAMA.
"The Hold-Up" Princess Drama.
"What Came to Bar Q" S. & A. Drama.

A free-for-all fight, necessitating the calling of police, was precipitated by the action of militant suffragettes in attempting to break up a labor party rally in London.

The House of Commons by a substantial majority went on record in favor of reconsideration by the Government of its refusal to participate in the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

Recently formed ice (and on the surface) one and a half inches thick will support a man; four inches thick will support a cavalry; five inches thick will support an eighty-four pound cannon; ten inches thick will support an army; eighteen inches thick will support a railroad train.

THE DAVIS-FELIX NOCTURNALS A BEAUTIFUL EVENT.

(Angusta Chronicle.)

"Oak Corner," the ancestral home of the Doniphan was a blaze of light and beauty, decorated with southern smilax, ferns and pink carnations, in honor of the marriage of Miss Bess Marshall Felix, this city, and Mr. John Johnstone Davis, of Louisville, which was beautifully solemnized Wednesday at 6:30 p. m., by Rev. W. W. Landrum, D. D. from Broadway Baptist Church, Louisville. Mrs. Chas. G. Steen played a violin solo "Souvenir" by Drda, accompanied by Miss Harbeson, before the procession approached.

The bridal costume was a magnificent gown of white brocade crepe de chine with rose point lace and Juliet cap of rose point, with orange blossoms worn by the bride's mother. The bouquet was a shower of Bride roses with lilies of the valley. At her throat she wore a handsome diamond necklace, a gift of the groom.

The bride is the charming daughter of Mrs. M. L. Felix, known socially throughout the State, and a descendant of a long line of distinguished Kentuckians. Mr. Davis and bride left at once over the C. & O. for New York and the Bermudas to remain several weeks, after which they will be at home in Louisville.

Out of town guests were: Mrs. R. C. Davis, Mr. Summers Davis, and Mr. W. W. Crawford, Louisville; Miss Jennie Lee, Cleveland, Miss Anna Bradford, Lexington; Miss Ada Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Powers, Judge and Mrs. Matt Harbeson, Covington; Miss Taylor and Miss Dunbar, Cincinnati; Mrs. Thomas Best, Miss Louise Best, Mrs. Ella Allen, Mrs. E. T. Kirk, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Fitzgerald, of Maysville.

Public Sale

As Administrator of Mrs. L. J. Wells, I will offer for sale on the premises, 4 miles west of Maysville, near Moransburg, on

Thursday, March 12th,
At 10 o'clock a. m., the following personal property, to-wit:

Fourteen-year old Mare, in foal by a Jack; 7-year-old Family Mare; 4-year old Mare in foal by a Jack; 3-year-old Filly, unbroke; 3-year-old Gelding, unbroke; 2-year-old Filly; Yearling Horse Colt; 5-year-old Work Mare; 4-year-old Harness Mare; 7-year-old standard bred Mare; 3-year-old Harness Mare, well broke; 9-year-old Harness Mare, 5-year-old Work Mare; Coming 2-year-old Draft Colt, 12-year-old Mare, in foal by draft horse; Saddle and Harness Stallion, Victor; 12-year-old, a fine Show Horse; 2 Jersey Cows, both fresh in March; 3-year-old Jersey Heifer, fresh in March; Yearling Steer; 2 Hogs, 150 lbs. each; 18 No. 1 good Ewes; six dozen Hens; 100 Bushels of Corn; 2 sets of Hip Straps; Side Plat Harness; 4 Col-lars; 2 Bridles; Check Blinds; Good two-horse Wagon; Spring Wagon; Good Sled; Harrow; 2 double-shovel Plows; Break Plow; Hillside Plow; Mowing Machine, Corn Drill, Hoes, Rakes, Fork, Shovels, Etc.

TERMS OF SALE made known on day of sale.

P. P. WELLS, Administrator of Mrs. L. J. Wells.

H. C. Hawkins, Auctioneer.

Inter Ocean says: "The principal inquiry in the steel market in Eastern territory comes from pipe works, which are expecting to purchase 15,000,000 to 25,000,000 tons of forge and foundry iron."

A REDUNDANCY OF RUDOLPH.

(Mayfield Messenger.)

A protracted revival in progress at the New Hope Presbyterian Church in McCracken County has developed one of the most amusing incidents reported in some time.

In the course of the revival Thursday night the minister called upon "Brother Rudolph" to lead in prayer.

From out the silence that followed twenty-five "Brother Rudolphs" stood upon their feet and began to earnestly exhort.

"Hold on!" exclaimed the astonished minister, "let Brother John Rudolph do the leading." Nineteen Rudolphs sat down with alacrity, and six remained on their feet earnestly praying.

The revivalist wilted and said no more, and the sextet continued unto the end.

The Rudolph family is reputed to be the largest in McCracken County.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You.

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention the Maysville Daily Public Ledger. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

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Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Bingham

Our Sale On Overcoats

Is still going on. Watch our window display for extra good bargains.

\$15 Overcoats for \$8.75!

Now is your chance. Look them over while we have a good selection. Tomorrow may be too late.

Geo. H. Frank & Co.

Maysville's Foremost Clothiers.

PUBLIC LEDGER

Mrs. Breckinridge will not speak at Louisville today owing to temporary loss of voice.

Mrs. Robert Bushy continues to steadily improve at her home on East Front street. She is now sitting up part of the time.

Mrs. John Hasler and three children, of Maysville, spent the latter part of last week as the guests of her parents, Wm. Smith and wife. Leslie Staker of Maysville, spent Sunday with friends here. Miss Celia O'Neill has returned from a visit with her sister, Mrs. M. J. Flarity, of Maysville.—Augusta Chronicle.

MEETING OF THE WOMAN'S CLUB

There will be an interesting meeting of the Woman's Club this afternoon at the Public Library at 2:30 o'clock.

Dr. John Barbour will address the club on "The Women of Shakespeare."

The chairman's tea will be served at the close of the meeting.

Everybody cordially invited.

PRESIDENT ADDRESSES CONGRESS

President Wilson asks Congress to place all ships using the Panama Canal on an equality in relation to tolls.

He says that unless Congress ungrudgingly grants this request, he will not know how to deal with other matters of greater delicacy.

The address was 420 words, the shortest delivered by the President.

QUARTERLY MEETING AT THE WASHINGTON M. E. CHURCH

Rev. E. G. B. Mann, D. D., of Lexington, Presiding Elder, will hold Quarterly Meeting at the Washington M. E. Church, South, Saturday and Sunday.

There will be preaching both days, the pastor, Rev. I. R. Hollen will assist Elder Mann in all the services.

The public is cordially invited to attend the meetings.

THE LEGISLATURE

Federal Government to Take Over Lincoln Farm.

Frankfort.—The Committee on Properties and Grievances reported favorably an anti-pass bill and the bill repealing the penalty for minors visiting saloons. The Committee on Appropriations reported without expression of opinion the five-cent levy for good roads passed by the House, and it went into the calendar.

The bill granting appeals in all criminal cases in county magistrate and Police courts except in cities of the first class were reported favorably.

The House resolution approving of Federal Government to take over the Lincoln farm was reported favorably.

MASON FISCAL COURT

Held Special Session Yesterday—Now Magistrates Present.

Fiscal court met in special session with the following magistrates present: Bauer, Dressel, Moore, Wallingford, Lane, Collins, Bullock, Holdaway, County Attorney Thomas D. Slattery was present.

Magistrates Moore, Bullock, Lane and Collins were appointed Turnpike Supervisors.

The following claims were allowed: L. Clarke, repairing prisoners' shoes, \$15.00.

Henry R. Childs, assessor, \$74.35.

G. A. Hill, work on Courthouse, \$3.00.

Dr. S. R. Harover, work as health officer, \$20.

J. L. Dinger, supplies, \$4.50.

Charles Daly, acting County Judge, \$18.00.

John W. Eitel, freight and trees, \$14.00.

Gallenstein & Gallenstein, repairs to jail, \$15.00.

A. Jarvis, guarding lunatic, \$6.00.

Maysville Natural Gas and Plumbing Company, repairs to jail, \$18.00.

John P. Morton & Co., books for Circuit Clerk, \$22.50.

J. J. Owens, election expenses and freight, \$5.00.

Henry Orr, repairs to Courthouse, \$65.

Pioneer Supply Company, jail supplies, \$4.00.

Sanifect Chemical Co., jail supplies, \$37.50.

Thomas Buchanan, pauper supplies, \$6.25.

Mrs. D. M. Conover, pauper supplies, \$10.10.



MISS VAN CLEAVE.

The above is the picture of the missionary whom the Christian Churches of Mason County have pledged themselves to support during this year. Her salary which is \$600.00 will be paid by the combined offerings of the members of the church and Bible School of these churches. Some of the churches expect to take their missionary offering on March 15th or later. Maysville and Maysville will receive additional offerings next Sunday.

Miss Van Cleave whose first name we believe is Nina, is a new missionary in China. Within a few months word from Miss Van Cleave will be received by these churches and the character of her work will be known.

This new step by these churches not only unites their efforts but gives them a vital interest in the mission field where their own missionaries labor.

Louisville gets natural gas at 35 cents per thousand after March 15.

BUYS CARLISLE BONDS.

Carlisle, Ky., March 4.—The Deposit Bank, of this city, has bought the \$30,000 of bonds issued by the city of Carlisle to install a waterworks system. The bonds bear 5 per cent. interest. The bank paid par plus accrued interest for the bonds.

NEW OFFICERS

Elected By Maysville Lodge of Elks At Wednesday Night's Meeting For Ensuing Year.

Exalted Ruler—P. G. Smoot.

E. L. K.—Charles B. Davis.

E. L. K.—R. W. Rasp.

E. L. K.—Sherman Arn.

Treasurer—T. M. Russell.

Secretary—W. R. Smith.

Tiler—R. F. Redden.

Three-year Trustee—D. E. Fee.

Grand Lodge Representative—Henry E. Pogue.

Alternate—T. M. Russell.

Our Colored Citizens.

The Juveniles of the Household of Ruth will meet tomorrow afternoon at 7 o'clock. Business of importance.

MARY HAYES, Secretary.

WEATHER REPORT

CLOUDY TODAY; SATURDAY FAIR AND WARMER.

RIVER NEWS.

River 16.5 and falling. No ice.

Courier up from Cincinnati today. Greenwood down from Pomeroy.

The Queen City which recently sank at Louisville has been raised and repaired and will resume her run tomorrow.

In the Cincinnati district the Ohio River will not change much during Friday. The gauge at Cincinnati Thursday registered 20.1 feet, a rise of 0.2 of a foot since Wednesday.

MAYSVILLE PRODUCE MARKET.

Following are this morning's quotations on country produce, telephoned at 9 o'clock by the E. L. Manchester Produce Company:

Eggs.....20c

Ducks.....10c

Hens.....13c

Butter.....14c

Old roasters.....6c

Geese.....9c

Turkeys.....16c

CINCINNATI MARKETS

Cincinnati, March 5—Receipts for the past 24 hours: Cattle, 467; hogs, 2743; sheep, 190.

Cattle—Slow at yesterday's prices. Shippers \$6.25@7.75; extra \$8@8.15; butcher steers, extra \$7.65@7.85; good to choice \$7@7.60.

Bulls—Steady. Bologna \$6.50@7.25; extra \$7.35; fat bulls \$7@7.50.

Milk cows—Steady and slow.

Calves—Slow and weak. Extra \$10.25@10.50; fair to good \$8@10; common and large \$5@10.

Hogs—Slow and 15c to 20c lower. Selected heavy \$8.65@8.70; good to choice packers and butchers \$8.65@8.70; load of 2 early \$8.75; mixed packers \$8.55@8.65.

Sheep—Steady. Extra \$5.50; good to choice \$5@5.40; common to fair \$3@4.75.

Lambs—10c to 15c lower. Extra, \$8@8.10; good to choice \$7.60@8; common to fair \$5.75@7.50; clipped lambs \$6.50@7.35.

Grain.

Wheat steady 99c@1.00; corn steady 67c@68c; oats steady, 41c@42c; rye steady, 66c@67c; hay steady, \$14.50@15.50.

FATHER REALLY OUGHT TO HAVE HIS PICTURE TAKEN

He hasn't had a photograph since that funny looking one in the cut-away coat that he was married in. ('Twas a noon wedding, you know.)

Yes, mother says 'twas a good one of him as he looked THEN, but really, for the sake of the family, there should be one of him as he looks NOW.

Brose

The Photographer in Your Town.

Many friends will be glad to know that little John Robert Chanslor of Millersburg is gradually improving after a very severe illness of pneumonia.

Frankfort, Ky., March 5.—The bill prohibiting the shipment of liquors for sale in local option territory and prohibiting persons having the liquor in possession for sale in local option territory passed the Senate today, 37 to 0. This bill is designed to put in force the Webb-Kenyon federal law. The vote was unanimous, as there has been no election to fill the existing vacancy.

CORD—McDANIELS.

Mr. Rawson Cord of Wedonia and Miss Iva McDaniels of Lepton, journeyed to Lexington yesterday and were married by Rev. Wills.

They will make their home at Wedonia.

MR. CHAS. R. EASTON AND MISS MADELINE TOLLE MARRIED.

Married at the home of the bride's parents, last night, by the Rev. J. W. Simpson, Mr. Charles R. Easton and Miss Madeline Tolle. Mr. Easton is the son of Councilman Jeff Easton of West Third street. He is one of Maysville's sterling young men, is a plumber with Larry Langfords.

His bride is the daughter of Mr. Albert Tolle of Prospect street.

The groom had his home furnished and the popular young couple will begin their honeymoon in their own little castle at 720 East Second street.

PROSPERITY

THE ROAD TO PROSPERITY

SAVE SOME MONEY AT EVERY TURN AND PUT IT IN THE BANK. IT WILL BE SAFE IN OUR BANK.

The road to prosperity looks like an up-hill climb. It may be at first, but it keeps getting easier. The nearer you get to the top the more joy you experience in knowing that soon you will be up and the climb will be over. Towards the top the money you have in the bank begins to assist and boost you. Nothing succeeds like success, and every one will push you the way you are going, down or up.

Make OUR Bank YOUR Bank.

STATE NATIONAL BANK

MAYSVILLE, KENTUCKY.

The Finish

Is approaching, but there will be no let-up in the care with which Tobacco is handled at the

HOME

Until the end. We will continue to sort it carefully, watch the sellers' interests closely and make it bring the

Top of the Market!

The most Tobacco has been and will continue to be sold at the HOME, because that is where

It Sells Best.

HERE'S A BARGAIN

We have about 60 Bushels CLOVER SEED that has about 15% ALSYKE in it that we are going to sell at \$9 per bushel CASH. Come quick if you want some of it.

RAINS BROS. PHONE 100

Marshall Arnold and wife went to Maysville Wednesday morning. ** Mrs. Nancy Watts went to Maysville Tuesday morning to visit friends. ** B. S. Grannis, O. R. Bright and S. T. Collins were in Maysville Thursday. ** Mrs. Sallie Jenkins was the guest of friends in Maysville Tuesday. ** W. D. Rayborne and family came in from Maysville Saturday to visit relatives.—Plem ingsburg Times-Democrat.

POLICE COURT.

Maysville was on her good behavior yesterday. Not a single case in Police court.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and state aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 15th day of December, A. D. 1906.

(Seal.) A. W. GLASCO, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Kidney and Bladder.

FOR SALE

PAIRS OF WHITE FISH
PAIRS OF FANCY
MACKEREL
COD FISH
SARDINES
AND OTHER LENTEN GOODS

Phone 230.

J. C. CABLISH

& BRO.
Quality Grocers.

Farmers

Have you ever tried our way of borrowing money to pay for a farm?

You, of course, know that most farms are sold for one-third cash and the balance of the payment is represented by lien notes due in one and two years. You also know that there are times when it is impossible to pay these notes when they become due.

Our specialty is lending money on good farms for LONG PERIODS. Would you rather have five years to pay the balance than two years? Any one expecting to buy farms this March will do well to come in and consult us about getting the money.

We have been giving satisfactory service for 24 years.

Union Trust and Savings Co.

Maysville, - - Kentucky

DEATH OF A VETERAN.

Melvin L. Lee, one of the veterans who wore the gray, passed away at the Confederate Home of pneumonia. He was born in Jessamine County in 1841, served in the Second Kentucky Cavalry from 1862 to 1865 and entered the home from Nicholasville in 1909.

People's Column

No Charge!

Advertisements under the headings of "Help Wanted," "Situations Wanted," "Lost" and "Found," and not exceeding one line in length, are FREE to all.

No Business Advertisements inserted without pay.

If answers fail to come the first time, we invite as many repetitions as are necessary to secure what you desire for. We wish advertisers to feel that they are not imposing on us by using our free column.

Our Advertisers never furnish copy, which can be left at the office or sent by mail.

THE PUBLIC LEDGER, No. 30 East Third Street.

WANTED.

WANTED—Farm work of any kind. By sober and honest man. Call at Kentucky Hotel, Maysville, Ky.

WANTED—Second-hand coal heating stove—small one. Apply to 140 East Third street. 27-6t

WANTED—Girl to do general housework and cooking. Wages \$3 per week. Phone 326.

WANTED—Work of any kind so its honest, by a young boy, age 16. Can read and write. Don't smoke or chew tobacco. Address Walter F. Grisham, R. D. No. 1, at Mr. Wm. Tuggle, Maysville, Ky.

WANTED—A girl to wait on table at 125 Market street.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—6 room cottages and 6 room flats, new, neat, sanitary, gas, bath, toilet, hot and cold water, one floor, the acme of economy, comfort and convenience. Excellent location, Fourth and Plum streets. J. M. COLLINS.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Smith & Nixon upright grand piano and a lot of household furniture. Must be disposed of in the next few days. Apply to M. J. Kennedy, 1403 Forest avenue. 6-3t

FOR SALE—For immediate sale several pieces of good second hand furniture and two carpets. 343 East Second street. Phone 551. 5-3t

FOR SALE—Two holsters and four pillows, new, and bed quilts. Apply to 233 Limestone street. 3-6t

FOR SALE—STEEL UNIT FILING CABINET.

Consisting of Card Index, Vertical Letter File, Storage Drawers, and Cupboard Sections, Sanitary Base and Top. Price low. ROOM 26, First National Bank Building.

FARM FOR SALE—Well improved, 87 1/2 acres of rural route. 1 1/2 miles from Orangeburg High School. Price \$1750. Call on or address Dr. B. P. Moody, Maysville, Ky. 35-6t

FOR SALE—A fine rosewood EMERSON Grand Square PIANO, excellent tone, finest make, in good condition, and without a blemish. Price reasonable. Call PHONE 388, Maysville.

LOST.

LOST—Plum. Finder please return to Simon Nelson's store. 6-6t

LOST—Gold bar pin with the name "Mary" upon it. Finder please return to this office.

LOST—Red coat button between Central Presbyterian Church and Forest avenue steps. Please return to Martha Benn. 3-6t

LOST—Bay mare about 15 hands high, weight about 900 lbs., small white spot in forehead. Hair cut on right shoulder under mane and cut on sides by harness. About 8 years old. \$5.00 reward if returned to Geo. Pollitt's livery stable. Boston Hall, Flemingsburg.

LOST—Gold Cuff Button Saturday with initial "I" and some engraving on it. Finder please leave at this office.

LOST—Pocketbook containing \$4, between Hunt's store and Fifth street. Finder please return to Hunt's store.

It is Time to Do Your Spring Sewing!

We have the goods you want, attractive in quality and price. Muslins, Cambrics, Nainsooks, Long Cloths, Mulls, India Linens, Dimities, Linens, Voiles, Crepes, Satines, Canton Crepes, Ginghams, Percales, Suitings, Dress Goods, Silks, Embroideries, Laces, Flouncings, Camasole Laces and Embroideries, Nets, Allovers, Tulle Laces, &c., &c.

This is to be a lace and embroidery season and we have a great stock from 2 1/2 cents to \$2.50 dollars a yard. Can please any taste in style, quality and price.

Trimings to match everything we sell and then some more.

Many exclusive patterns in dress goods of many kinds. Get yours.

This is the Glove and Hosiery House of this part of Kentucky. March Fashions are here.

ROBERT L. HOEFLICH

211 and 213 MARKET STREET.

Still in the Ring

We Are Not Going to Leave Maysville. We Are Here to Stay.

We merely were closing out an extra line of Gas Stoves. Come and see our unrivaled goods and judge for yourself.

MAYSVILLE NATURAL GAS & PLUMBING CO.

CHARLES SHORT.

116 Sutton Street.

The Wright Way to Smoke Meat.

By using the Wright Way of curing meat you can have the best meat that can possibly be produced. The Wright Way is to use Wright's Ham Pickle for making sugar-cured meat and then smoke with Wright's Smoke. For sale by

O. H. P. Thomas & Co.,

120-122 Market Street,

MAYSVILLE, - - - KENTUCKY.

JOHN C. PECOR

DRUGGIST.

EDWIN MATTHEWS

DENTIST.

Suite 6, First National Bank Building.

MAYSVILLE, KY.

Local and Long Distance Phone No. 555.

Distance Phone No. 127.

COUGHLIN & CO.

Livery, Feed and Sales Stable

Undertakers, Automobiles for Hire.

Phone 31.

ELECTRIC SIGNS!

The distinguishing air of quality which a first-class Electric Sign gives to a store is the element which gives a sign its greatest value as an advertising medium and investment. The impression it makes is good. It blazes forth to the public that there is business enterprise, merchandise and methods up-to-date. It affects the entire atmosphere of the business district. The stranger says, "It is a live town," and publishes it abroad. It is the Sign of the Times.

MAYSVILLE GAS CO.

LOOK!

Unheard-of Values in Clothing

We are selling Hart, Schaffner & Marx Clothes so low that even the poorest can afford to wear them.

\$27.50 SUITS \$19.50

\$25.00 SUITS \$18.50

\$22.50 SUITS \$16.50

ALL OVERCOATS SOLD AT ONE-THIRD OFF.

Come in and see for yourself.

J. WESLEY LE

THE GOOD CLOTHES MAN, Second and Ma